A CONTI-NVANCE OF ALBIONS ENG-LAND:

By the first Author. W. W.

LONDON,
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TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE SIR

EDVVARD COKE, KNIGHT,

Lord Chief-Iuſtice of his Maieſties
Court of Common-Pleas, &c.

GReat *Cæſars* haue leſſe *Poems* grac't,
Leſſe in Sublimitie this plac't,
(Vnworthie though your Deapth, I graunt,
Yet might Ours paſt great Patrons vaunt)
Wooes your Allowance, whom my *Muſe*
Doth its ſelect *Mecænas* chuſe.
If with the right-hand what I giue
Be taken with the left, ſhould grieue
So much more leſſe by how much more
This meant I orphanag'd before:
Which now to you, as deſtinate,
I, yours deuoted, dedicate:

Moſt humbly,

William Warner.

To The Reader.

BY diuers importun'd to this,
I ſend it foorth, ſuch as it is.
This idle Arte that lets it thriue
Was Midwife to the Abortiue:
Doe dandle, knock it on the head,
All one to me aliue or dead.
The Muſiſts, *though themſelues they pleaſe,*
Their Dotage els finds Meede nor Eaſe:
Vouch't Spencer *in that Ranke preferd,*
Per Accidens, *only interr'd*
Nigh Venerable Chaucer, *loſt,*
Had not kinde Brigham *reard him Coſt,*
Found next the doore Church-outed neere,
*And yet a Knight, Arch-*Lauriat *Heere.*
Adde Stows *late antiquarious Pen,*
That annald for vngrateſull Men:
Next Chronicler omit it not,
His licenc't Baſons little got:
Liu'd poorely where he Trophies gaue,
Lies poorely There in noteleſſe graue.
As Theſe in Theirs, ſo we in Ours,
And who write beſt loſe better houres,
And moſt-what but for Nods doe cenſe
Saints, ſenſeleſſe of more Recompence.

No

To the Reader.

No maruell, Poëtrie ſeemes gon
To Bedlam *now from* Helicon.
Yea moſt her Prieſts Intemperature
So diſſreth from their Literature,
Their Literature obſcenouſly
So ſuteth to Scurrilitie,
As if, Aonides, *it hold,*
You from your ſacred Hill of old
Pierides *will dare to skold.*
Mnemoſynes, *retract I this,*
Ambroſia *ſweete and* Nectar *is*
Your food, and yee eterniz'd liue,
Not as yee take, but as yee giue.
Inueſted with Imperiall Robe,
Or circumfer'd the varied Globe,
Arts, Armes, or what, for what, or who,
Out-liues one Age vnles by you?
For Homer, *at* Achillis *Tombe,*
This bleſt did Alexander *doome.*
In Myſteries oft as in thoſe
Ilias, Tranſ-ſhapes, Æneidos,
In patent Letter alſo ye
Make longeſt dead aliue to be.
Thrice-noble Thrice Three Ioues *high Breede,*
How happie ye whom happieſt neede?
Nor ſleepeth your Anagraphie
The ſenſuall Follies of the Hie,
Nor creſted Chorles that for Coynes skill,
More Standings heare than Bellies fill,
Nor thoſe could wiſh ye them paſſe-by
As if a dungled Aſſe ſhould die.
Yet he that fierd th' Epheſian *Phane*

Did

To the Reader.

Did it your Pens Report to gaine:
As Faux, that him might ſcorne Compeere
For Proiect more prodigious heere.
Thus vertuous and prophane, in ſew,
Haue Perpetuitie from you,
Praiſd or diſpraiſd examplarlie,
So profiting Poſteritie.
Sixe paſſed Preſſes paſt vs ill,
As, not vnlikely, this Preſſe will.
Muſe, *that twi-bucketted haſt bin,*
Emptedſt poore wit poore winde to win,
Twice towredſt to a ſeuerall Steeple,
Didſt kenne no Patrons but the People,
Shunne Eares vnarted, rude, preciſe,
Seeke Loues that ours ſhall ſympathize.

Theirs W.W.

A Table for euery of the ſeuerall Bookes, to find out the ſpeciall Stories and matters, *directing from their Chapters.*

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FINIS.

THE FOVRTEENTH BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. LXXX.

SET Is the ſoueraigne Sonne did ſhine when paperd laſte our penne,
Yet ſtill alike the Lighte, ſo God makes Fauorites of men.
And hee eternall bids that wee our terren Gods obay,
As Ours ſhall we, though ſhould to vs his Edict other ſay,
Than that we ſing our *England* now in *Britane*, howbeit,
Notſuddenly we can, perhaps, innatiue Termes forgitte.
Nor ſhall, nor ſhoulde yt aught diſtaſte that *England* alters name,
Sith it nor Yts laſte Miſtreſſe can by aught be outed fame.
Nor *Britane* as a notiell Name to *England* we admitte,
Sith frequent and authentick be Aucthorities for it.
Nor *Albion* to haue been, or but a Fiction we diſpute:
But, if no Fiction, *Albion* then is Senior vnto *Brute*,
Yea, that this Latter was haue been for Names-skill, would confute,
When in that primer Race of Kings in name the Sixth did ſute.
Then *Albions England*, our poore Lynes, be *Britanes England* now,
Or eyther, nayther, or what-elſe: Okes breake when reeds but bowe.
But who takes notice of a Toy, the Title or our Booke?

Or how ſhould Either preiudice though curiouſly miſtook?
Auſpiciouſly then, *Muſe* go on, remembring by the way
Our late interred Miſtreſſe, and of all our Maſters ſay
Their varied Reignes, ſo Hers from Theirs the better to purtraie.
Yea ſpeake, and ſpeake aduiſedly, Thoſe that in Thes be read,
(Not *Romiſts*, nather Humors in Preiudicacie lead)
Whoſe in this Catalogue of Reignes compeered hers laſt dead.
All heere was then contraryed when the *Conqueror* was King,
and oft his vaſſalde Engliſh he gainſt forraine Swords did bring
Rufus, that for exceſſiue Chaſe vnpeopled many a towne,
And periſht in that ſporte, was not of few malign'd his Crowne.
Like deare to *Mercury* and *Mars*, firſt *Henry* voyded not
That Auarice and Rigor to his Virtues were a blot.
From *Stephens* firſt Intrution to the poynt of his deceaſe
No tongue was leſſe familier heere then was the tonge of Peace.
For Empery more puiſſant than was ſecond *Henry* none;
Yeat his Ambitious prelats, Queene, and ſons diſturbd that Throne.
The valerous *Cor-de-lion* by his warres and ranſome ſo
Exhauſted Treaſure, as no more, but Gods, could men forgoe.
Saue that the better worſer ſpead, *Iohns* raigne mighte be compar'd,
To *Michaels* and the Dragons fight, ſo Crowne and Miter ſquarde
What with a *French*-imbulled-Kinge, and Barrons often broyls,
Third *Henryes* thence prouoked war that publique-weale turmoyles
The *French*, *Welſh*, *Scots*, becaus their ſkorge, yll brook't firſt *Edwards*
Nor welcõ'd we a ceaſeleſſe war, though full of worth his ſtory. (glory,
Yf what was ſecond *Edwards* Rule be aſkt, is aun'ſwerd thus,
So turbulent as may be wiſht that neuer ſuch rule vs,
Third *Edward* was armipotent, his Subiects neretheleſſe
him murmuringly did tax that them taxes did oppreſſe.
The ſecond *Richard* ouerkind to Paraſits, and foe
to aunchant Cronets, feweld all might fier to *Englands* woe.
But his Electment hardly did fourth *Henry* pleade vnto:
and that he gainde the Cauſe at length, loue more then law did doe:

whether

Whether fifte *Henryes* coſtly warres,or death(he ſo belou'd)
More touched His ingrudge or greefe,a queſtion may be mou'd.
Sixt *Henry*,rare for Sanctity,more fit for Cowle than Crowne,
and ouerruled in his rule,much pittied,was put downe.
Fourth *Edward* in reuerted raigne to *Yorkeſts* found ſmall reſte,
Or England foyzon: Kings contend and Comons be oppreſt.
His Infant ſonne *Edward* the fift,vncrowned not vncroſte,
Mou'd cõmon tears when for his Crown both Crown & life he loſte.
The *Regi-cids*, third *Richards* reigne,was tragick vnto all,
And laſtly to himſelf.for ſo to ryſe is ſo to fall.
Seauenth *Henry*,the Vnitor of thoſe Flowers that long diſſented,
Of his *Retriuers Proolinge* much(as well he might)repented.
Eight *Henry* ,though victorious and triumphant ,was not quitt
of mvrmerd Axes: *Recluſes* vn-cloyſtred grudged yt.
Sixt Edward,of moſt pregnant witte and virtues,*Englands* hope,
Too young to ſtint his Princes ſtryfes vext ,not vnvext,the Pope.
Queene *Maryes* nature good ;abuſ'd by *Romes* ſeducing Crew,
might haue allowance,ſaue for blood from Saints her Butchers drew.
How alſo from the Fourth to the Eight of *Henryes* did enſue
A long deuouring ciuill warre,is Hiſtory too trew.
But we haue ſeene ſuch peacefull warre,ſuch warlike peace,and all
So bleſt in proſperous Policie as Times admire it ſhall.

Chap. 81.

OR be it vnderstood not all fore-cited faulted much,
But were for most renowned Kings, though Subiects greefes we touch.
Obserue we rather, euer since that *Phocas* prouded *Rome*
With that big Title, *supreame Sea*, most Chronicles doe doome,
(The workes for most of Friars and Monkes) all Princes bad or good,
Not as they were, but as against or with her Pomp, they stood.
Hence trecherous Vassales, Kings owne Sonnes, rebelling by her Bull,
Whilst Princes good seem'd penn-Forelorns fild *Romes Pantheon* full.
Then rather sportiue be her pennes than powrefull to depraue,
Where willfull error blindeth not. But leauing *Rome* to raue,
this *Normaine* race of Kings we taxe of Publique-weale offended
for harshar Priuates than may be gainst her deceaste intended:
Though all that royall Streene had much wherein to be commended:
May there succeeding Off-springs such euen with the Sunne be ended.
Elizabeth, compared yeat with Theis whence she descended,
Not them among a Paritie is fully apprehended:
For this heauen-rapted Lady best may Reignes *Idea* boste:
and yee that faste for better faer may kisse, perhaps, the poste.
O Stomacks cloyd with dainties, Churles amids Aboundance poore,
Be your Phisition Pilles, and Wante Remembrancer of Stoore.
Had not the same (an other-Same) succeeded that succeeds,
Yee lesse had wrong'd the Phænix dead, and more approu'd her deeds.
Nor meruell we that Popelings her nor Puritanes should brook,
The present Maiestie from Such like censuring must looke.

Nay

Nay,euen for very Nouelties that Vulgres doe affect,
the beſt continued Gouernment as tedious they reiect,
The *Grecians*,*Romanes*,euery Realms digeſts,obſeruing this,
Extenuates the wonder: Then a greate wonder is,
That when ſo many learned Clarks and others ſhee did rayſe,
Or for a *Metaphyſick* hold the Proiect of her prayſe,
or ſlothfully be ſcilent,or for weeping cannot write,
or think from gratefull Offices her Toombe ſhould them acquite,
Or(likelier) tract of Lucre,which doth ſuch a ſent prefer,
As in that preſent pleaſante Chaſe they are at loſſe of her,
That we touch firſt the Shoore wherto their ſtatelier ſhips ſhold fare,
which ydlie ride at anchor,whilſt what we ſhall doe we dare,
That is,at fartheſt but to haue of her a kenning,and
Let Pilots expedite the reſt that better knowe to lande.
Firſt though ſuppoſe an *Elegie* the proheme of my Muſe,
For her, whome ſhoulde we alſo blanch we alſo ſhould abuſe.
Then let vs rather faulte to Art than Office,ſith we owe
To her heroick virtues more then how to pay we knowe.
Of Expeditions,Vioges,Ayds vnto forreyn *S*tates,
Tryumphant Victories,Eſcapes from many trecherous bates,
Commenced in her Raigne in fewe we formerly did touch,
her in-bred Vertues howbeit clame betterd Muſe by much.
Liue euer though,not for th'art myne,my Muſe (no Muſe,god wot)
But in this Forehead of our *S*onge by Pleaſe-times now forgott.
For thoſe great Artiſts that did her aliue euen deifie,
Now to her ſowle-vnbodied doe meere Temporizers dye.
When none ſo reſteth glorefide by ſelfe-Achiuements,as
By fame-retriued Digeſts that from lauriett Pennes doe pas.
She bleſſed one,vnbliſſed now,re-bliſſed might he liue,
If that a Legend of her life he to the world ſhall giue.
Expecting which,ſome pen-paſt Tracts of ours in Theame ſo deepe
Shall to the compleate *S*cience of that wowed Author ſleepe:
Sufficeth her into her lawdes we through A Cranny peepe.

CHAP. 82.

ELIZABETH (Euen Heer me thinks, repeating but thy name
Illustrious turne our lynes, thy selfe sufficing to thy fame)
That sleepest sweetly to thy selfe that so to vs did'st wake,
From vs in letters leaste, not laste in loue, these Nombres take.
to be suspect to adulate (although our eares haue heard
vngratefull tongues) of feare no cause, for truth will bee preferd.
From long imprisonment, and still expectance to haue dyde
Of papalle Furie, God, on whome she euermore relyde:
Maugre her Foes (not then a few, for scarce a Prince beside
By *Rome* not either awed, or could other Loore abide)
possessed herof *Englands* Throne, vs of the Gospells lighte,
By her with constant zeale vphild gainst Schismes and potent spight.
A princesse fayre in flower of youth to heauen-wards more deuoted,
Or one in all that Earth affoords aboundantler that flooted,
Yeat lesser vpon wordly Pompe, Maiestick though, that dooted,
And dying old a Virgin, times by-passed none haue noted,
The mighty King of *Sweuen* sewd to wedde her for his Queene.
Braue Troupes with *Valoies* heire of *Fraunce*, heer for the like were seen.
The Archduke too of *Austrich*, and greate Potentates a many
much laboured her Marrage, not obtayned though of any.
Howbeit affablitie and intertainmentes sweete,
Mixt with admired *Maiesty*, in her did ioyntly meete.
None better aunswerd Ambasies in whatsoeuer tongue:
Effected more in Christndome, yea, Infidelles among:

Our

Our either *Achademyes* heard her learning much expreſſe:
No *L*ady Could more Courtſhipp, or well-nigardiz'd yt leſſe,
*F*or Muſick, portly Gate, and daunce did more applauſe poſſeſſe:
More louing to her ſubiects, and from them more loue did winne:
Rewarded more well-doings, and was greeued more at ſinne:
Had cauſes more of Rygor, yeat more mercifull there in:
*P*reſerued more of the publique Peace, our *R*ealme becomming ſo
Even *Achelous* horne to vs *Palladium* gainſt the Foe.
Her Bountie ofte innabled gainſt their Foos themſelues toquitte,
Diſtreſſed Kings and States, the Law of Nations prayſing yt:
Whence Forrens did our *L*abours, whilſt at home in peace we ſitt.
She and her Senators vnlike thoſe Citizens that ſo
Once doored on their Treaſure that, ſubdewed by the foe,
And lockt into their Treaſury, hee doom'd them ſtarue or feede
Vppon theyr goulde, which, yf ymploy'd, had helpt them in their need
Nor leſſe her prayſe in this (And may all Princes like obſerue)
She chooſe a Coũſell wiſe, and not from theyr Deſignes would ſwerue
And whoſo greate whom ſhe not awde, what Fauorite ſpard ſhee,
Yf dangerous to the State. Not aught in raſhneſſe would decree.
Her Temperance, rare virtues and heroyck parts were ſuch
As perfect *Panegyricks* heere ſhould but detect too much.
More bleſſed year, her *S*owle, that ſhould no longer heere ſoiourne
Did vnto God, from whome yt cam, in *S*anctitie retourne.
The paſſed, preſent, following Dayes were gloomy, Aier, yea marble
And trũkes of trees ſeem'd then to weep, no birds were heard to warbl
Beaſts ſilent, that with Rationales was all a-mort ſuppoſe,
When heauen reſum'd her ſoule, and earth it *Paragon* ſhould looſe.
*R*eſt may that better parte of thine with God, and it in graue
In ſweet ſecurity, till both vnited glory haue.
And ſhould Succeſſion fault in not remunerating thee
With ſuch a *M*onument, as is both wiſh't and hop't ſhall be,
Thy long and glorious Scepter and innatiue Virtues ſhall
Eternize Trophies to thy Ghoſte, and checke Detractors all.

of

Of which are ſome would *State*ſ-men ſeeme, but Paraſits more ſure,
(and ſuch, no doubt, reſpected where they would their hopes immure)
Doe from the Pollicy of thoſe her dayes, and from that State
whereby and wherin ſhe did rule and leaue this Realme of late
ſo derrogate, as if death ſick, and meanes exhauſt for better,
had *England* languiſht, only to this Change for health a debter.
What Pollicie precelled though it ſhe preceded in?
Or can to Her ſucceeded be Precellant? who hath byn?
vngratefull, or forgitfull men, or Apes to Innouation,
Though with a prudent King indeede be eik't an ancient Nation,
Knowe our Weale-publiques bliſſe is now a parale'lld Creation,
wherein Religion and our Lawes perſever in their Station,
Yea bliſſe vs doth the Simpathy of *Nows* to *Thens* Relation.
For when the Sun that now is ſett in our Horizon ſhin'd,
Yt gaue a leſte completion to our Weale in euery Kind.
to hers like Raygne, ſaue his that raignes, more wiſht is than deuin'd:
A Phœnix for a Phœnix t'ys in his *Sunſ*-riſe we finde.
More to theyr proper Elements inaugurated none,
Than ſhee to hers by-paſſed, he to his poſſeſſed Throne.
And may his practiſ'd Royalty, and royall precepts frame
His Iſſue to like iſſue, and we pray and hope the ſame:
And may thoſe tongues fall-fowle that her interred ſhall defame. (thē
What Princes though but ſome, at leaſt for others faults, wil blame
faults which wold Parlaments could cleanſe as can a letter name thē.
For ofour Alphabet the .P. doth omenouſly begin
Of theſe this much diſtaſted Ranck, She taxt perhaps therin,
Though vſe-full euery one, and none, by her abuſe a ſinne:
As Proctors, Puruiors, Purſeuants, Poſt-ſtagres, Peter-men,
Promotors, Paritors, and, as offenſiue now and then, (three,
Two for their Functions reuerent *Pees*. *Beſides* which three-times
Papiſts and giddy *Puritanes*, were other Rankes not free
Of Publique-weales *Antipathie*, prooling and peruerſe, *P*.
Which happely may faulct as much euen now as, raigning She:

Reſts

Reſts then by lawfull meanes Amiſſe in *Pees* amended be.
Now let vs briefly ouerrun vnto his preſent Throne,
That holds of God by Nature, Law, and Worth this Iſle his owne,
The Stories Nationall of *Picts* and *Scots*, once Kingdomes twaine
Within the ſame, the former long armipotent in vaine,
The latter altring now in Name through new-inlarged Raigne.
From Theſe ſome doubt an Antidate of their arriuall Heere,
Of Thoſe to haue been Pre-Regnants Authorities be cleere.
Mean while thy Lawds, *Elizabeth*, toucht Here touch ſhort of thee,
Of Whom Poſterities ſhall ſpeake more gratefully than wee,
Would I could work vnto thy Worth, though then I ceaſt to bee.
But for we cannot ſaile thy Seas, our ſailes we therefore ſtrike,
And loth to leaue, of thee take leaue, that haſt not left thy like.
Of *Picts*, *Scots*, *Welſh* be now abridg'd, ſuch Turnes as times did ſee,
Howbeit little Statrie, and among is mixed glee.

CHAP. 83.

WHether of *Agathirſian Scythes*, or *Humbers* Heere Remaigne,
Or *Brutaines*, braue Recuſants of the Romane ſeruile Raigne,
(The laſt the Likelieſt) were the *Picts* exact diſpute that will,
Thoſe curious Ambiguities we leaue to others skill.
But briefly (for we muſt be briefe, ſince Enuie did prouide
Their fame, if poſſible their Name, from Hiſtorie to hide)
We ſhall the warlikeneſſe compend of thoſe fame-wronged Men,
Obſcur'd in all their Monuments by *Scots*, and curbd in Pen.

Yeat not the Legend proper to the *Scots* can wholy blanch
Their Mention, or thē name but needs their Proweſſe muſt aduãce.
Much owned of the *Engliſh*, all of *Brutaines* Continent
The *Scots* poſſeſſe, was then and ere that *Ferquard* Hither ſent
The fatall Chaier, cald *Penthland*, till the *Picts*, a People ſtout,
Were by th'inuading *Iriſh-Scots* long thence debelled out.
But for we nam'd the fatall Chaier (the Stone we meane therein)
Firſt whence, and how eſteem'd we ſhall to calculate begin.
The *Scots* (how truly cenſure as ye pleaſe) do father it
The Stone that *Iacob*, when as he from *Eſaus* wroth did git,
Did ſleepe vpon, whilſt Angels on a Ladder came and went,
And the *Meſsias* from his Loynes was promiſ'd to be ſent,
A iourney ſafe, a ſafe Returne, a broodious Iſſue, and
To them Confirmance to enioy all *Canans* happie Land.
One *Gathelick* from *Egypt* brought that Stone, their Stories ſay:
But if be askt how thither brought, why ſufferd there to ſtay,
When long time after *Moſes* Thence did *Iacobs* Seed conuay,
May thus be anſwred: *Iacob*, note (ſo ceremonious ſtill
That to his Births, his Burials, euen his Wels, as good or ill
Did then and there betide, gaue names affining) not in this
On which he ſaw ſuch Viſions, had ſuch Promiſes remiſſe.
For, ſaith the Text, he ſacrifiz'd thereon, and named it
The Houſe of God: nor, when returnd from *Laban*, did forgit
To pay his Vowes thereon, and had it ſtill in high Eſteeme:
At his Remoue to *Egypt* then from *Canan* may we deeme,
Amongſt ſo many Carrages, he left it not behind.
But likely is his Seed, led Thence, There left it, for we finde
That, ſaue a Pittance fitting them Thence flying and purſew'd,
Not aught of Theirs they carrie he fore-warnd that all fore-vewd.
Their Legend hath, this *Gathelus*, to *Pharaos* daughter wed,
In whom the Plagues of *Egypt* for the *Hebrues* terror bred,
(For, ſaith the Text, with them alſo thence many Strangers fled)
Obſeruant of the *Hebrew* Rites ſolemniz'd on that Stone,

Vnto *Gallicia* (of his Name *Port-Gathleck* thenceforth knowne)
Tranſported it, the which his Seed did Thence to *Ireland* bring,
And Thence to *Penthland*, crowning thē on it their Heer-firſt-King.
Firſt *Edward* wanne it Thence to vs, though Propheſies did ſing:
The Scotes ſall bruke that Realme as natiue Ground:
(Gif Weirds faile nocht) quhair eir this Chair is found.
Gallicia, Ireland, Scotland, and now *England*, altering Name,
As ſeuerall Reuolutions thus of Time produc't the ſame,
Haue ſeene this Propheſie performd, by Deſtinie not ame.
Nor price nor prayer back from Hence this ſacred Stone could win,
Which of our Coronations ſince the locall Rite hath bin.
Time, Place, and Perſons too inferre ſome Likelihoods: they ſay
That *Gathelock* was *Cecrops* ſonne, that then in *Greece* did ſway.
The *Pharao Achoris* (whom they doe *Bochoris* miſ-name)
Neere then ruld *Egypt*, Howbeit ſucceeded by the ſame
Heart-hardned *Pharao, Chencres*, whoſe purſute the Seas did tame.
The ancient *Iriſh* Manners and their Superſtitions add,
Which, if conferd with *Egypts*, Thence may be intended hadd.
But, not without ſome Myſterie, both pretious and propitious,
Ere ſuperſtitious Papiſtrie, begeting Reliques vitious,
Had men miſ-lead, thouſand of yeeres this Stone was held, and is.
Howbeit pardon vs if here we intimate amis,
As ſometimes Some, alluding Ours it winding to the taile
Of *Troies Palladium* hailed from the *Greekes* to *Ilions* baile.
But alſo with the Shrine the Saint we preſently poſſeſſe,
Vniting Crownes, *Scotch* Propheſies performed nertheleſſe.
But what of Propheſies? t'is God effecteth all in all:
Our Fathers longed for this Day: may we it happie call.
And happie *Mary* hadſt thou bin, and it both Kingdomes good,
Had not falſe friends thy Marrage Here with our yong Prince with-ſtood.
But it effecteth in thy Sonne that in thy ſelfe did faile,
And where we feard tēpeſtuous Guſts we hope a proſperous Gaile.
Iames, Io-Pean ſing we thee: long liue, raigne, and preuaile.

No doubt from Natures Secrets Spirits teach admirable skill,
Be *Sagiſt*, *Lamiſt*, *Strigiſt* though, or *Pythoniſt* that will.
I haue (not ſuperſtitiouſly) obſerued times not few
Old *Wordings*, which vnhapned are vnheeded, prouing trew:
Mongſt others, worth the note, an old & common Speech in *Ware:*
Where Men, askt idly whereof the Asker might deſpare,
Would anſwer, that performance ſhould or paiment be, *When as the King comes vnto Wiggen:* And that comming came to pas
When firſt he entred *Ware*, euen when it vnexpected was.
So baſe a Cottage once, but now vſde with a better Thing,
Begot that ſaying firſt: thus Time with it doth wonders bring:
They liue did word it many yeeres ere hapt or borne this King.
* More ſerious this: his Highneſſe then a Tenderling, did I
(A Puple) reade, wrote time paſt kens, of him this Propheſie,
Or call it as yee pleaſe, that Terme Clerks to theſe Times denie:

Poſt Iacobum Iacobus, Iacobum Iacobus, quoque Quintus,
At ſextus Iacobus Regno regnabit vtroque.

After a *Iames* ſhall be a *Iames*, a third *Iames*, and a Fourth,
A fift *Iames* alſo, but the Sixt ſhall ſway the Scepters both.
Beſides three youthfull Queens that ſtop that Currant likely might,
Great Interruptions, ouer-blowne, we alſo could recite.
But by the Deitie it ſo was deſtinate, and who
Reioyceth not that that great worke of God is not to doe?
How Hence, with more than much adoe, the *Scots* at laſt expell
The Here predominating *Picts* enſueth now to tell.

CHAP.

CHAP. 84.

WHen from the *Hebredes* the *Scots* had footing in this Isle,
They and the *Picts* allie and held in peacefull League a while:
So populous, so circumspect, in Walls and Armes so strong,
That of such Neighbourhood the *Brutes* so ielious were of wrong,
As gainst the wilinesse of These, and warlikenesse of Those,
They more affected Policie than hazarding of blowes:
Fore-seeing such Combinement might their Enuie ouermatch.
A fained Ambasie therefore they to the *Picts* dispatch:
With blandishments, like *Æsops* Fox deluding *Æsops* Crow,
The hansell of their Scepter new congratulating so,
The *Britons* Wealth and Prowse also they arrogated such,
And from the *Scots* by Contraries did derogate so much,
Remembring (which the *Picts* themselues could not forget) the day
In Oracle, when Thence the *Scots* should driue the *Picts* away,
With many like Atractiues and Ditractions to and fro,
As none but *Brutaine* now was friend, and none but *Scotland* foe.
Anon through *Penthland* was proclam'd Auoidance in short space
Of euery *Scot* on paine of death: wherefore like law tooke place
In *Scotland* also: neither part the punishment omit
That might inflict the Penaltie, the *Britons* glad of it.
Whereby from Riots did it grow to Termes of open warre,
The which with Aides vnto the *Picts* the *Brutons* did prefarre.
But Things seem'd then more intricate than that the *Scots* alone

Could intertaine that Buſineſſe : which in *Ireland* being knowne,
Ferquard did with the fatall Chaire, earſt ſpoke-of, ſend his Sonne,
That thereupon of *Scotch*-Kings Here the Title firſt begunne,
And all *Scotch*-Crownings earſt as his, on it were Elſe-where done,
And alſo Ours, from ſince the ſame to *England* firſt was wonne.
The *Scots*, from their Progenitors ſpead of a King and Ayde,
March forth againſt the *Picts* that did alreadie them inuayde.
When *Fergus*, well informed how the *Brutons* Driftings cauſ'd
Theſe broched Tumults, therefore on a ſummond Parlie pauſ'd,
Admitted by the *Picts*, ere Swords ſhould doubtfull Battell trie:
And thus he ſpake. Our Armies heere ſumme vp the Chiualrie
Of both our Kingdomes, either Part feareleſſe, no doubt, todie:
When, truſt me, neither part can hope victorious to eſcape,
A neuterall Armie gainſt vs both this Stratagem doth ſhape,
Loe where it houers, and expects againſt vs either twaine
(The *Britons* with an Armie there to aide the *Picts* did faine)
One Opportunitie, that when enough of vs be ſlaine,
They may doe Execution on thoſe few that ſhall remaine.
For hope you from thoſe cunning and our common Foes Defence,
That neuer thirſted thing ſo much as our Eiectment hence:
Howbeit, if as they affect yee to effect agree,
Then fight, we hope as much and feare as little as can yee.
But if Alliance, vowed Leauges, ſafetie of Townes and Towers,
Warres doubtfull End, preuented Foes, the liues of vs and Ours,
And either Kingdomes Eſſence may perſwade this warre to ceaſe,
Then aske of vs and we will grant, or grant and we aske Peace.
This for no fabled Caution was obſerued, but too trew:
Aduertiſd therefore better now, the *Scots* and *Picts* withdrew
Themſelues frõ further Armour, and their wonted League renew.
Which re-Confedracie, that ſo preuented, ſo offended
The *Britons*, that againſt it all Occaſions they intended.
It to diſſolue when Subtilties they often had aſſaide,
In vaine, they either People then with open Armes inuaide:

With

With Pewſance, ſpoyles, and terror ſuch and ſuch Celeritie,
As that the *Picts* themſelues fier all, and with their Beſtuall flie.
So, through the Waies Stirilitie, the Foe made many a Stand:
Meane while the *Picts* and *Scots* gaine time to arme frō either Land:
And whilſt their Foes ſecurely ſleep, firſt hauing ſlaine their Watch,
They in their Tents and Trenches did a many Soules diſpatch.
In which amazed horror, and the Error of the Night,
The *Brutons* ſelues againſt themſelues no leſſe than foes did fight.
And ſo that Iournie ended, if our Author truly write.

Vnto the *Picts* enſued then a proſperous Peace and long;
When moſt of *Engliſh*-Northerne and *Scotch*-Townes and Cities
As *Edenborough*, *Barwick*, and a many Peeces moe, (ſtrong,
Vnto themſelues defenſiue and offenſiue to the Foe,
By them were builded: Laſtly this Occaſion did them arme.

CHAP. 85.

THE *Scots* of long had held a law, to their no little harme,
That when their Kings ſhould die, their heires nonage, next in blood
And meeteſt Man to rule ſhould raigne: Then, not to be withſtood,
The Iſſue of the Pre-Regnant, the Regnant dead, ſhould raigne:
From *Rewthar*, *Docuidellas* ſonne, ſo *Nathak* rule did gaine:
Who, eleuated, altered from vertuous to moſt vaine.
A wretch ſo vitious, inſolent, tyrannicall and prowd,
That odiouſly his Gouernment of all was diſallowd.
What Monarke, ſtrong-Man, Valerous, what feature, who ſo wittie,
Whoſe life (if arrogant) finds loue, or death (though cruell) pittie.

Yeat

Yeat oft it haps, by how much more high Dignities preferre,
So much the more, though leſſe ſecure, men liue irreguler:
But Inſolencie hath a time aſwell to fall as erre,
To which no Opportunities but doe Effects efferre:
Then, breathing Clods, from Actions ill let ill Euents deterre.
One *Dowall*, There then gratious, ſlew this *Nathak* at the laſt,
And *Rewthar*, wedded to the King of *Penthlands* daughter, plac't
In *Scotlands* Throne, howbeit in Minoritie: wherefore
One *Ferquhard*, for this law infring'd, brought all things in vprore.
Or rather vnder this pretex he drifted ſoueraigne Sway,
Whereto did this Occaſion ſeeme to him a troden way:
And former Popularitie, whereto Ambition weads,
Had furniſht him of plebale Friends, a Beaſt of many heads.
On which, as if on *Pegaſus*, ambitious Gallants ride,
Though it an euer-break-neck haue ſuch forged *Perſees* tride.
Vnhappie Popularitie, that like to *Æſops* Ape
With culling kils thy Darlings, whilſt the leſſer loued ſcape:
Senſeleſſe Ambition, that forgets or not obſerues at all
That, if not ſelfe-Straines, Policie muſt temporize thy fall:
Fond Vulgers, that a *Phaëton* a *Phœbus* vſe to call:
For in bi-fronted *Ianus* is your Science none or ſmall.
Well, howſoeuer, *Ferquhard* troupes the flower of *Scotlands* Prowſe:
All *Penthlands* Chiualrie no leſſe of *Dowals* act allowes.
Now either People had diſplaide their Onſets, and was fought
A Battell, dearer than the which no Souldiours euer bought,
For ſlaughter as perſeuerent as may be ſaid or thought.
Whereby their either Kingdome heere ſome following yeeres did
For, in this Diſaduantage, them the *Britons* did aſſaile, (faile:
And did the *Scots* to *Ireland*, and the *Picts* to *Orkney* chaſe:
Where either liued in Exile, till altred thus the caſe.

Impatiently they twice ſixe yeeres Preſcription Hence endure,
When with ſuch Forces as they had, although but ſmall yeat ſure,
They (met of ſuch forelorned Soules ỳ ſince their Countries wrack,

Remote

Remote from Men, in Woods and Caues had liu'd in fearfull lack)
Returne, and with thoſe deſpret Bands, incountering their foes,
Had now the better of the Field: Whence this Attonement groes:
That *Scots* and *Picts* their owne, as earſt, ſhould amplie repoſſeed
Till *Iulius Cæſars* Entrie, ſo of Warres this Iſle was freed.
Him to reſiſt, that out of *Fraunce* the *Britons* did inuaide,
Came *Picts* and *Scots*, repelling Hence the *Romaines* by their aide.
Howbeit, in the following yeare he wonne a Tribute hence,
Which might haue faild him, had as earſt concur'd the *Picts* defence.
As yet the Northern Regions ſearch the *Romaines* did neglect,
Vntill (vnto whoſe Ruines none can certainly direct, (tended)
Though *Penthlands* pride for ſtately Towers & ſtrength of walls pre-
Veſpaſian wonne *Camelon*, ſtill hild *Romes*, till *Rome* there ended.
Bellona ſeemed in this Ile her Reſidence to haue:
Where, of three Scepters, ſcarcely one it ſelfe afoote could ſaue.
The *Romaines*, vnder diuers of their *Cæſars*-ſelues, but ſtill
The worthieſt of their Generals this Ile with Armes did fill
At diuers times, with diuers change of good and bad euent,
But to it tackling euer found vndanted *Penthland* bent.
For when the *Britons* were ſubdewd, and *Caratack* the Scot,
That for his Courage and Conduct continued glorie got,
Euen then and neretheleſſe the *Picts* did not in courage quaile,
But, oft Victorious, of themſelues the *Romaines* did aſſaile:
Hence chacing ſome their Preſidents, and ſome their Legions ſlue:
The *Romaines* would not giue thē peace, and could them not ſubdue.
Who, brauely breaking thus the Iſe to *Scots*, their old Conſorts,
Both twaine made hauock of their foes, demoliſhing their Forts,
Till *Romaines* now in either Land were diſpoſſeſſed quite,
And, drifting oft Reentries, oft repented them of fight.
Heere only *Brutaine* hild for *Rome*, and many yeares from thence
Arm'd ſtill againſt the *Picts* and *Scots*, with loſſe for recompence.
But leauing *Romaines* thrilled thence, and *Brutes* by *Rome* oppreſt,
What hapt meane while betwixt the *Picts* and *Scots* ſhall be digeſt.

How *Brutons* chaſed hence the *Picts* and *Scots* it hath been ſaid:
And toucht ſhal be how Theſe thrald Thoſe, for all their *Romain* aid.
Enſueth firſt how *Picts* draue hence the *Scots*, though *Scots* at laſt
Extirpt the *Picts*: for worſer heere then Fortunes Lotterie paſt.

CHAP. 86.

DEtious is Peace, yet be obſeru'd how warlike Nations oft
Haue thereby than by outward Armes more Inconuenience cought:
Theſe two belloſious People cleer'd no ſooner forren ſwords,
But euery Toy a Trumpet to ſome ciuill Broyle affords.
Nor could their Northerne Climate brooke two Suns in it to ſhine,
For ſometime This, and ſometime That did violently decline.
But, paſſing by their either oft Domeſticke Diſcords great,
Of either Kingdome ſhouldering the other we intreate.
The former Lawe, diſabling all in Nonage *Scotlands* Raigne,
By three competing Gardenſhip was now in tearmes againe.
Of which one *Romaks* (alſo of the *Picts* bloods royall) Plea
Was ſwords, not words, and did of *Scots* by *Picts* great numbers ſlea:
For which both he and *Picts* became ſo odious to the *Scots*,
As to deſtroy both him (then King) and them they ſleepe no Plots.
As *Romaks* Entrie, ſo his Raigne tyrannous was, vntill
His Nobles did conſpire, and him by armes purſued kill:
Againſt the *Picts* their Power as yet inabled not their will.
Wherefore to them, preparing then Reuenge for *Romaks* death,
They ſent Excuſes: but in vaine their Legates ſpent their breath.

Saue

Saue Armor would no anſwere ſerue the *Picts*: whereof did grow
A Battle fearce, where either tooke and gaue the ouerthrow:
For both their Kings did periſh, & with bloud the fields did flow.
Vnto the *Picts* ſucceeded though the better of that fight:
But ſhortly after with the like the *Scots* did them requite.
With ſuch perſeuerant hatred and ferocitie they both
Afflict each other, as but bloud might qualifie their wroth:
Vntill the *Picts* (impacable, ſay *Scots*, by *Romaines* aide)
Diſſeizen of the ſcottiſh Raigne within this Ile had made.
And whoſoeuer, if a Scot, that howſoeuer kept
Themſelues vnſlaughtred was exild, no Sexe or Age except
Romak, *Anguſian*, *Fethelmak*, and *Eugen* did ſucceed
In Septer and in ſlaughter: And of *Pict*-kings three we reade
Succeedingly then alſo ſlaine in this infeſtious ſtrife:
And of a pitious Storie of King *Eugens* widowed wife:
Alſo of *Hergeſt* King of *Picts*, too much to Rigor bent,
In baniſhing the *Scots*, the which himſelfe did ſoone repent.
For, whilſt he thought to him and his no ſafetie vnleſſe
All ſcotſh-Soules from their bodies or their Soile he diſpoſſeſſe,
By curious ſearch *Cartangis*, Queene to *Eugen* ſlaughtred late,
Like to a ſecond *Hecuba* condoling *Priams* fate,
Was haled from her husbands Tombe, waſht with her hartie teares:
Who, when before Prince *Maximus* the Romaine ſhe appeares,
And was demaunded why ſhe had againſt the Edict ſtaide,
The bewtious Queene, with teares among, this ſober Anſwer made.
I am, quoth ſhe, of husband, friends, riches, and hope bereſt,
And by how much the more I thus in Miſerie am left,
So much the leſſe am to be feard: ah, then me thinks my foes
Might brooke my Preſence, at the leaſt to ſport them in my woes.
Not *Brutaine*, where my Father rules, ſhall ſee me thus deiect:
Then giue me death in *Scotland*, els my dying life protect.
The valerous Romaine Preſident, commiſerating her,
Beſides Exilement pardoned, he richly did prefer

The good diſtreſſed Lady. But the *Picts* enuying it,
Diſpoyled Her and Hers, and did elſ-what too much vnfit:
Nor on the Felons to do Lawe did *Maximus* omit.
Whereat, ſo farforth as he might, King *Hergeſt* then repinde:
And how he added *Scotland* to *Romes* Empire puts in minde
The Preſident, whom neretheleſſe the Queene did gratious finde,
And, mauger *Hergeſt*, her abode in *Scotland* he aſſignde.
There did ſhe daylie Obſequies vnto her Husbands Ghoſte,
And prayed for their valiant Soules that periſht in his hoſte.

Alſo King *Hergeſt* him bethinks of his late error now,
When more nor leſſe he could than as the *Romaines* him allow:
And for his old confedrate friends the *Scots* was ill apaide,
In whoſe exile he had himſelfe and his to *Rome* betraide.
For where as they, combined, gaue euen to the *Romaines* peace;
To either People now, diſioynd, did wonted freedome ceaſe:
Small things by Concord proſper, great by Diſcord do decreaſe.
The *Picts* Succeſſion to the Crowne, their auncient lawes and all
Were by the *Romaines* diſanuld, and nought brought in but thrall:
In which reſpect the Suffrings of the *Scots* to theirs were ſmall.
Then *Hergeſt*, whoſe great ſpirit could no Seruitude abide,
Inuolued in Impatience, ſtabd himſelfe, and ſo he dide.

By this vnhappy Quarrell thus eight Kings were made away,
Scotland no Kingdome then, and this of *Penthland* in decay,
Two ſorren Armies fell that to reſtore the *Scots* aſſay.

CHAP.

CHAP. 87.

THe *Scots*, that more than fortie yeares had been in hard Exile,
Were by the *Picts*, that vnder-went the *Romaine* yoke meane while,
Recal'd by double Ambasie: who, though they were disperst,
By labourd Opportunities of their returne conuerst.
Fergus (a fatall name vnto the *Scots* beginning-Raigne,
And why not This their first king here,& *Scots* for *Gothes* mistaine?)
One neerest of the blood,who then in *Denmarke* did remaine,
That with the *Gothes* had sacked *Rome*, and Thence brought wealth (& fame,
Collects an Armie,and arriues in *Scotland* with the same.
To whom assemble soone the *Picts*, and, Quarrels passed-by,
Against the *Romaines* Either did their forces whole applye:
And in their Territories slew and made their foes to flye.
When *Victorine* (then either Realme to *Rome* in Prouince was,
As *Britaine* too) thither,to stay their forward Swords,did passe
Of Romefied *Britons* and Emperials warre so great,
As,after bloodie Battels,coold theirs and those others heate.
For both their Armies,broken with these Battels, did returne:
Esteeming it in vaine as yet against the Prick to spurne.
Meane while in friendly League the *Picts* and *Scots* together liue,
And Skermidges both of and to their foes did take and giue.
One *Placidus*,by *Victorine* for *Rome* Deputed then,
Fought with the *Picts* and *Scots* vnto the losse of most his men.
To either Propriarie so was either Realme againe
Of *Romaines* left,to leaue their holds to saue their liues then faine.

Yet

Yet both their Kings in following fight did brauely tyne their liues:
Whence long the *Romaine* cauſe againſt the Armes cõfedrat thriues.
But neuer did the *Picts* omit occaſion when they might
Reuenge them on th'Emperiales by their Stratigmes or fight.
In fine, the *Romaine* Monarchie Elſ-where did languiſh ſo,
As their diſabled Conqueſts heere they of themſelues forgo.
Reforming firſt their thriſe-reard wall of foureſcore miles in length,
Againſt the *Picts* defenceleſſe, though of wondrous Art & ſtrength:
When thence-forth long the *Picts* and *Scots* did *Brutaine* ſo inthrall,
As laſtly in their Ayde they did the *Saxons* hither call.
Who, by Degrees (the *Welſh* excepr, ſo named *Saxonlie*)
Subdued *Brutaine* (*England* now) vnto their Soueraigntie.
The lacerated Empire of the *Romaines*, though with griefe,
Diſclaim'd the *Brutaines*, at the leaſt could yeeld them no reliefe.
Imbellious through their Policie, adde Peſtilence thereto,
Succeeded with th'vnlabourd Earths ſterilitie: but who (do?
Wold think that Plẽtie more offence thã war, death, dearth, ſhould
The Earth then fertile, men became effeminat and vaine,
Luxurious, Idle, *Bacchaniſts*, and gladly intertaine,
Like *Iſſachres*, their Seruitude, Their foes but aske and haue
Conditions ſuch as they themſelues, how groſſe ſomeuer, craue,
Tribute, with Pledges at the *Picts* their owne Deuotion: ſo
A ſenſuall, ſeruile, ſinfull life the *Brutons* vnder-go.
Romes Policie, in plentie Sloth, and ciuill Diſcords heere
From that it was, brought *Brutaine* thus to Nullitie wellneere.
O *Brutons* (diffrent *Brutons* from your Aunceſtors, that oft
Victorioufly gainſt theſe your Foes and *Romaine* Legions fought:
Who, had ye neuer been ſecure, had neuer you ſubdude,
Nor needed on th' *Armoricanes* that Raigne ye ſhould obtrude)
Euen now for then I ſhould be greeu'd at your diſ-*brittiſh't* ſwords,
But that your then reſumed Prowſe, when *Welſh* amends affords.
And, that your *Arthure* comes againe, ſo far-forth we allow
It Propheſie, as *Brutaine* dead with him reuiueth now:

That

That is, *Brutes* Baptiſme of this Ile, that ana-baptiz'd grew
By diuers names in diuers parts, *Iames* doth through-out renew.
That *Arthur Tuder* was your Prince, and yee, inthrald before,
Were then infranchiz'd one with vs adds it fulfild the more.
But to our *Brutes*, in mind deiect and warr-bit, be progreſt.

CHAP. 88.

SOme (not degenerated though) oft inſtanted the reſt,
To imitate their Aunceſtors, and Slothfulneſſe deteſt:
By rightfull Armour to remaund Theirs of their foes poſſeſt,
Their liues to better, with their foes couragiouſly to cope,
Not to be Fortunes Infidels, but better times to hope.
Which Counſell wrought, & ſoone their foes had newes how they (conſpire,
It being to the *Picts* and *Scots* freſh fewell to their fire.
For, hearing *Conſtantine* with his french-*Britons* now aſhore,
And all reuolted heere from them, for firſt Reuenge therefore
They ſlew the *brittiſh* Pledges: Then conuent their Forces all,
And with the *Brutaines* fought a Field, to Eithers loſſe not ſmall.
This *Conſtantine* th' *Armoricane*, of *Brutaine* now made King,
The *ſcotch* King ſlaine, and *Picts* repeld, did both to reaſon bring.
And diſciplind in martiall and in morall Practiſe his,
Till him a *Pict* did murther: Nor like death his Sonne did miſſe,
By trecherie of *Vortiger*, that his Succeſſor is.
How, odious to his Subiects, he inuits the *Saxons* aid,
Who thence till now haue Lorded heere, it hath elſ-where bin ſaid.

In

In his tuition diuerſly they and the *Picts* did ſpeed:
But to the *Picts* their Swans-ſong End reſts that we heere proceed:
Leauing the *Brutons* then no whit Apoſtatees to ſinne,
The cauſe that did, ſaith reuerend *Bede*, Theirs to the *Saxons* winne:
Who ſhortly made ſo many Rents in *Brutaines* Scepter as
Vnto the aunchant ~~*Incolants*~~, ſaue *Wales*, no Lordſhip was.
So often (which was often) as the weakned *Brutaines* crau'd
Aſſiſtance of the *Picts*, ſo oft their Realme afoote was ſau'd.
Yea *Ambroſe*, *Vter*, and his Sonne the worthy *Arthur* ſtill
Imployd them in confederate Armes, vnto the *Saxons* ill.
Anne, *Vters* ſiſter, had by *Loth* the *Pict*-King, *Mordred*, who
And his braue brother *Gawen*, earſt mongſt *Arthurs* Knights did do
Aduentures rare: This *Mordred* now did quarrell *Arthurs* Crowne:
When Either fell, the Chiualrie then of this Ile put downe.
Knighthood ſo drooping, All was heere, ſaue *Wales*, to *Saxons* loſt:
Whom howbeit their winnings them full deerely often coſt:
And, though the *Saxons* oft incroch vpon the *Picts*, yet neuer
They could eiect them, or deiect their Courage, potent euer.
For oft by interchanged Armes with *Brutons*, *Scots*, and Thees
They eiked to their Proweſe, nor in Policies did lees:
Though laſtly, to thoſe *Mauortiſts* enſe[illegible]ed, euen ſo
As had their Oracles of them diſſigned long ago.

Twixt two Diſaſtres let vs heere Nugation interpone,
That is, twixt *Brutaines* Period at King *Arthur*, and the Throne
Of *Penthland*: which anon perhaps may ſecond *Brutaines* mone.
The *Picts* at *Megyle*, *Guauora*, King *Arthurs* Queene inter'd,
And from her Tombe our Merriment heere meant ſhall be inferd.

CHAP.

CHAP. 89.

NEere neighbouring was a Nunnerie, and neighbour vnto it
A Widow, that had ſometimes bin for Wantons dalliance fit.
But age had altred now the caſe: She, though gray-greene, might ſay
As did this third mans Scroole that thus a Painter did purtray.

* His Table had a paire of Loues, freſh in their primefull dayes,
That hugge and kiſſe & ſeeme vntierd with *Paphias* buckling playes:
And from his mouth was ſcroold this Mott: *So I do euery day.*
Was painted too a ſecond man ag'd fortie or aboue,
Who, vewing thē, their ſport might ſeeme his ſpirits much to moue:
And from his mouth was ſcroold this Mott: *So I do, when I may.*
A painted third, ſixtie at leaſt, behild the frolick twaine,
And ſeemed to approue what he then could not but would faine:
And from his mouth was ſcroold this Mott: *So I did, Did is paſt.*
A fourth farre older decrepate with age, and almoſt blind,
Shoor'd vp his eie-lids, and did ſeeme a wonder there to find:
And frō his mouth was ſcroold this Mott: *Doth ſtill that Faſhion laſt?*
To paraphraſe this Painter were to Age an idle thing,
And yeares to youth, as age proceeds, with it the ſenſe will bring.
* But, from our Picture, let vs to our foreſaid purpoſe change:
This bewteous Nunne repaired oft vnto this Widowes Grange,
The which a youthfull Gentleman, enamoured on her,
Obſeruing (firſt the Old wife brib'd) thus did his ſute preferre,
Faining himſelf a Mendicant (Nunnes might with Friers cōferre.)

Faire Virgin, quoth he, ouer-faire to be a Virgin euer,
Although a Recluſe yet to be a Relaps feare thou neuer:
Increaſe and multiplie, ſaith God: or ſhould but *Nature* preach,
Aſſure thee ſuch a Votareſſe might iuſtifie a breach.
I dare abſolue thee of thy vow, on perill of my Soule,
That am as thou a Regular, but now farewell my Cowle.
Then like himſelfe he ſhewd himſelfe Gallant euery way,
And did by Art, gifts, Eloquence, and what not her aſſay:
But all in vaine, ſo oppoſite to Loue did ſhe perſeuer,
As that vnto his Pandreſſe Arte he was enforc't to leaue her.
Now by your bleſſed Beades, quoth ſhe, your ſelf you quitted well
Againſt his importunitie. Yet this I muſt you tell:
He is a proper Gentleman, ſharp witted, ſweet of hauour,
Of good parts, great poſſeſſions, and well worthy of your fauour.
Amongſt your Siſterhood I know are amorous Wenches ſome,
But for they are profeſſed I muſt reuerently be domme:
For ſhe that Sainct-ſeems, lookes demure, turns vp the white of eie,
At Shrifts and clergie-Standings can a common-Place applie,
Hers Indeuotion, not to be Deuotion were a lie.
So powerfull is Religion as, but cloaking vnder it,
Auoyds to be expreſly taxt of want-zeale, or want-wit.
Your ſuperſtitious vowes, if broke, at moſt are veniall ſinne:
Or rather, kept, you do gainſt God and Nature fault therein.
Admit the Gentleman ſhould ſpeed, ſhould I againſt it ſpurne?
No, not to let it were leſſe fault than ſtill to let him burne.
Poore Girles (not Gods) but few of you ſo ſainctified I know,
But ſometimes to coniectures of Concupiſcence ye grow.
And what prouoking more thereto than liues which yee do leade,
In pleaſant Manſions, idle Eaſe, ſelfe-Pranking, fill of bread?
And luſtie fleſh takes little keepe of letting fall a Beade,
But into Sinnes reſtraind vs moſt ſo much the more doth leade.
If needs you will that marriage nor mens loue ſhall you allure,
Nature and Vowes are tempted oft, but *Guanors* Tombe makes ſure:

(Was

(Was thither by the Trot traind forth the Noueſſe, ſo to proue
Whether ſhe would a Virgin die, or might be hoped loue)
That you by Nature ſhould be chaſte (the Contrarie who not?)
I hardly can beleeue: but if? what harme I pray were got,
If ſhould you tread vpõ her Tombe, whence Barrenneſſe doth gro,
And end of amorous Burnings, ſince your vow importeth ſo?
The Nunne, that euermore had heard and held it as her Creed,
That ſhe that trod vpon that Tombe of ſuch Euent ſhould ſpeed,
Did bluſh (and blame her not that ſo was put vnto her ſhifts)
Thus on the Beldame did retort inſtance of her owne drifts.
Mother, quoth ſhe, good manners were the Elder former go.
What I, that hope a husband, nor deſpaire of iſſue? (So
An Aunchanter than I hath had) by ſweet Saint *Pancrace*, no,
The old-wife ſaid. Nor, quoth the Nunne, meane I to be the furſt
Of this our Age treads on that Tombe to women ſo accurſt.
But thus a poſſibilitie of yeelding from the Nunne,
And by the ſubtle Exorciſt of prizing being wonne; (done.
They back returne, that at the Tombe more durſt not than was
She, that at leaſt ſo blur'd an Eie, for battle fought and all,
Euen to ſollicite earneſtly, on ſuch freſh hope, did fall.
How *Creſida* ſcornd *Troilus* and *Plauges* had manifold,
How oft the Goblin *Incubus* Loue-wronged had contrould,
And *Iphis* for the *Cyprian* Laſſe fore-did himſelfe ſhe tould.
Like tales and Metamorphoſies paſſe many in this chat:
Nor lackt the Ballad of the Maid transformed to a Cat, (pat.
And *Arthurs* Queene, there tombd, ſo doombd, for falſed loue, fell
So many Incantations, lyes, feares, hopes, inſtanced ſhee,
With amorous Sonnets feelingly of paſſion and loues glee,
As laſtly did the *non-pluſt* Nunne vnto her Charmes agree.
But leauing *Guanora* her Tombe, and none on it to tread,
(For Women be nor Fooles, nor Saincts) enſueth now to reade,
(Which asks a tragick Penne to write) the dire downe-fall of thoſe
That floriſhed ſo long and found at laſt too bitter foes.

CHAP. 90.

WHen *Charles* the Great for *France* of *Scots* Confedracie obtain'd
Of mutuall aides againſt *Engliſh*, which hath thence till now remain'd,
Els, likely, ouer either Realme long ſince had *England* raign'd,
At leaſt by intermariage, ſtill by that Compact reſtraind:
For nere hild League leſſe violate or permanent like while,
French reſcuing *Scots*, and *Scots* the *French*, abrode and in this Iſle:
Which God, in Nature now and law diſſoluing, ill appayes
Enuious *Fraunce* it ſelfe that helpt and harmed vs that wayes:
Who queſtions then an Vnion that ſuch inconuenience ſtayes?
What Nation ſeuers Policie where One one Land obayes?
Our Elders opportuned like occaſion hereunto,
When whatſoeuer they had done that League did ſtill vndoo:
No maruell, ſelfe-ſecuritie *France* in that loue did woo:
But be an Vnion perfected, and ſtorme it skils not who.
The *Scot*, I ſay, him to ſecure of *Picts*, refuſing ſo
To tripertite that League, did wed (whence *Penthlands* ouerthro)
Ferguſia, *Hunguſt* King of *Picts* his ſiſter: *Alpine*, ſonne
Of this ſaid Marriage, challenge to the *Pictiſh* Throne begun.
Which, had it not bin deſtinate to *Scots*, had neuer bin,
Behou'd ſuch obſtacles to be diſperſt ere it they win,
Nor ſwords more reſolute than theirs could counterpleade therin.
Achaius, *Alpins* father dead, were inter-Regnants twaine
Succeedingly ere *Alpine* was by lawe enabled Raigne.

Both

Both dying iſſuleſſe, to him did *Scotlands* Crowne accrew:
Who alſo, from his Mother, claime to *Penthland* did purſew:
Where, though he ends diſaſtrouſly, two ante-Kings he ſlew.
For *Penthland* was no eaſie taske to win, though laſtly wonne,
Yet with the loſſe on either part of many a mothers ſonne.
The *Picts* diſtaſted nothing more than that a forren birth
Should them ſubiect, rather than which they all had vowed death.
The *Scots* alſo in *Alpins* right had all oblig'd their blood:
Nor more was ſworne on either ſide than whereunto they ſtood.
Succeedingly two *Pict*-Kings fell in two ſuch bloodie fields,
As was indifferent whether part ſubdude, for neither yeelds:
But either, ſadly for their ſlaine, and gladly for returne,
Retier their weakned Forces that in wiſht reuenge did burne.
When ſeaſon ſerued *Alpine* ſoone did recollect his Armes:
To *Brudus* King of *Picts* likewiſe his fierie people ſwarmes.
More reſolutely than theſe two no Armies euer met,
Nor Captaines that mens courages more thã theſe Kings did whet.
When long was fought on either part with doubtfull warres euent,
On *Brudus* ſide the better of that bloudie bargaine went.
No ranſoming of *Scots*, but all ſubdued then were ſlaine:
In which vnchancie battell was King *Alpine* Priſnor taine:
From whom, firſt manacled, they hewd his better-worthy head,
And pold it on their Citie walls for ſigne how *Scots* had ſpead.
O too too erred iolitie, and inſolencie ſtrange,
Tranſporting *Fortunes* wantons paſt expectance of a change.
Some *Scots* impatiently indur'd ſuch View of their diſgrace,
Who faind them *Picts*, and gaining ſo conuenient time and place,
Conuaied thence King *Alpins* head, well guerdond of his ſonne:
By whom to renouate the Warres his Nobles thus were wonne.
Their former loſſe diſhartned them ſo much that when, in vaine,
He oft had wowd their aids, he ſeemd expectant to remaine:
Conuenting, as for other cauſe, them, feaſted, and prouides
Their Lodgings in his Pallace, and in euery Chamber hides

One

One clad in fiſhes ſcales, a club of Muſcane in one hand,
In th'other was a bugle horne, and all at midnight ſtand
Before each ſleeping Nobles bed, & through the horne thus ſpake.
* Thou ſcottiſh *Heros*, at the leaſt to God his Angell wake:
Kenneth your King muſt be obaid, and *Picts* be ouerthrowne,
* Aſſiſt him leſt thou periſh now th'Almighties will is knowne.
The wakened Lords beleeud that Voyce not humaine, & behild,
(For naturally that wood in darke giues Shine, which now had fild
Each roome) the viſion, in a tryſe that vaniſhed, for when
The wood and ſcales were hid was all in ſudden darkeneſſe then.
This voyce and viſion did affright the Nobles, and next day
Each vnto other did the ſame in ſecrecie bewray:
All iump of one ſame time, ſight, ſpeach, and therefore all beleeue
It was from God, and for the warres ſo long delayed greeue:
The King did fraine their whiſprings, and themſelues to him they
Who likewiſe did affirme himſelfe ſo viſited that night: (ſhreeue.
By which Eluſion all were brought againſt the *Picts* to fight.
Like guiles were frequent in thoſe dayes, ſo Exorciſts and Friers
Confirmd in ſuperſtition men, and ſpead their owne deſires.
* Of *Fairies, Goblins*, walking Lights, & like chat Grandams much,
Nor am my ſelfe incredulous that haue bin, and be ſuch:
Yet ſauoreth, me thinks, a Lie this that of late befell,
Which, though report ſhould fable, is no harmefull ieſt to tell.

CHAP.

CHAP. 91.

A Shepheard, whilſt his Flock did feede, him in his Cloke did wrap,
Bids Patch his Dog ſtand Sentenell, both to ſecure a nap,
And left his Bagpipe, Sheephooke, Skrip, and Bottell (moſt his wealth)
By Vagrants (more then many now) might ſuffer of their ſtealth.
As he twixt ſleepe and waking lay againſt a greene Banks ſide,
A Round of *Fairie-Elues*, and *Larrs* of other kind, he ſpide:
Who in their dancing him ſo charm'd, that though he wakt he ſlept,
Now Pincht they him, antickt about, and on, and off him lept.
Mongſt them, of bigger bulke and voyce, a bare-breecht *Goblin* was,
That at their Gamboles laughed, like the braying of an Aſſe.
At once the Shepherds Bagpipe (for they alſo vſed it)
Was huſht, and round about him they, as if in Councell, ſit.
Vpon whoſe face the breechleſſe *Larr* did ſet his buttocks bare,
Beſpeaking thus his beau-Compeers, like *Caiphas* in his Chaire.
Poore *Robin-good-fellow*, ſweet Elfs, much thanks you for this glee,
Since laſt I came into this Land a Raritie to ſee:
When Nunnes, Monks, Friers, and Votaries were here of euery ſort,
We were accuſtomed, ye wot, to this and merrier ſport.
Wo-worth (may our great *Pan*, and we his Puples ſay) that Frier,
That by reuealing Chriſt obſcur'd to Chriſt did Soules retire.
For ſince great *Pans* great Vicar on the Earth was diſobaid
In *England*, I beyond the Seas a Mal-Content haue ſtaid.
Whence, by a brute of Pouder that ſhould blow to heauen or hell

The

The Proteſtants, I hither came, where all I found too well:
And in the *Catholick* maine Cauſe ſmall hope, or rather none:
No ſooner therefore was I come but that I wiſht me gone.
Was then a merrie world with vs when *Mary* wore the Crowne,
And holy-water-ſprinkle was beleeud to put vs downe.
Ho ho ho ho, needs muſt I laugh ſuch fooleries to name:
And at my crummed meſſe of Milke each night, frõ Maid or Dame
To do their chares, as they ſuppoſd, when in their deadeſt ſleepe
I puld them out their beds, & made themſelues their houſes ſweepe.
How clatterd I amongſt their Pots and Pans, as dreamed they?
My Hempen Hampen Sentence, whẽ ſome tender foole would lay
Me ſhirt or ſlop, them greeued, for I then would go away.
Yee *Fairies* too made Mothers, if weake faith, to ſweare that ye
Into their Beds did foiſt your Babes, and theirs exchang'd to be.
When yee (that eluiſh Manners did from eluiſh Shapes obſerue)
By pinching her that beat that child, made Child & Mother ſwerue,
This in that erd beliefe, That, not corrected, bad that grew:
Thus yee, I, Pope, and Cloyſterers all in one Teame then drew.
But all things haue gone croſſe with vs ſince here the Goſpell ſhind,
Nor helps it aught that She that it vnclowded is inſhrind.
Well, though our *Romiſh* Exorciſts and Regulars be outed,
No leſſe Hypocriſie mongſt ſome their Contraries is doubted:
And may they ſo perſeuer and ſo periſh *Robin* prayes:
But too too zealous people are too many cloy my wayes.
For that this Realme is in the Right, *Rome* in the wrong for Loore
I muſt confeſſe, though much is elſe as faultie as before.
To Farmers came I, that, at leaſt, their Lofe and Cheeſe once freed
For all would eate, but found themſelues the parings now to need:
So do their Lãdlords rack their Rents: though in the Mannor-Place
Scarce ſmoakt a Chimney: yet did Smoke perplex me in ſtrãge cace.
I ſaw the Chimneys cleerd of fire, where neretheleſſe it ſmokt
So bitterly, as one not vſed to like, it might haue chokt.
But when I ſaw it did proceed from Noſtrels, and from Throtes

Of

Of Ladies, Lords, and fillie Groomes, not burning skins nor Cotes,
Great *Belſabub*, thought I, can all ſpit fier as well as Thine?
Or where am I? it cannot be vnder the torred Line.
My fellow *Incubus* (who heere ſtill Reſidence did keepe,
Witnes ſo many dadleſſe Babes begot on Girles aſleepe)
Did put me by that feare, and ſaid it was an *Indian* weede,
That feum'd away more wealth than would a many thouſands feed.
Freed of that feare, the noueltie of Coaches ſcath'd me ſo,
As from their drifts and cluttering I knew not where to go.
Theſe alſo worke, quoth *Incubus*, to our auaile, for why?
They tend to idle Pride, and to Inhoſpitalitie.
With that I, comforted, did then peepe into euery one,
And of mine old acquaintances ſpide many a countrie Ione,
Whoſe fathers droue ẏ Dung-cart, though the daughters now will
I knew whē Prelates, & the Peeres had faire attendance on (none.
By Gentlemen and Yeomandrie, but that faire world is gone:
For moſt, like *Iehu*, hurrie with Pedanties two or three,
Yet all go downe the winde, ſaue thoſe that hoſpitalious bee.
Great'ſt Ladies with their women, on their Palfries mounted faire,
Rode through the ſtreets, well waited on, their artleſſe faces bare,
Which now in Coches ſcorne to be ſalued of the aire.
I knew when men-Iudiciall rode on ſober Mules, whereby
They might of Suters, theſe, and they aske, Anſwere, and Replie.
I knew when more was thriu'd abroad by war than now by peace,
And Engliſh feard where they be frumpt, ſince hoſtile tearmes did
But by Occaſion, all things are produced, be, decreaſe. (ceaſe:
Times were whē Practize alſo preacht, and well ſaid was well-done,
When Courtiors cleerd the old before they on the new would run,
When no iudiciall place was bought, leſt Iuſtice might be ſould,
When Quirts, nor Quillets ouerthrew, or long did Cauſes hold,
When Lawyers more deſerud their fees, & fatted leſſe with gold.
When to the fifteenth Pſalme, ſometimes, had Citizens recourſe,
When Lords of Farmers, Farmers of the poore had more remorſe.

When Pouertie had Patience more: when none, as ſome of late,
Illiterate, ridiculous, might on the Altar wate.
When *Canons*, *Rubrick*, *Liturgie*, and *Diſcipline* throughout
One ſhiftleſſe *Practiſe* had, not to *Indifferencie* a flout:
More than be *Conuocations* now *Dioceſſors* were ſtout.
Although in Clarks Pluralities were tolerated then
Of Lemmens (liuings ſhould I ſay) are now of Clargie-men
Pluralitie that huddle, haue alſo their brace of wiues:
But all the better, all that while Hells heer-imployment thriues.
That thus and worſe hold, and increaſe, ſith *Rome* may not returne,
Pray *Fairies*, graunt *Infernals* that in fire of Enuie burne.
I haue, faire *Fairie-Elfes*, beſides large Catalogue of ſinne,
Obſerued in this Land in this ſhort time I heere haue bin,
The which at my departure, when *Elizabeth* firſt raign'd,
Were not in Beeing, or were then religiouſly refraind.
Howbeit, hence for *Ireland* at the leaſt, I muſt transfreat:
Where *Rome* hath roome there riot I: Somes faith is heere too great.
Yet largelier than moſt Stateſ-men know, heere could I ſport long (while,
Inſociable is not, ywis, for Catholicks this Ile.
Suppoſe the Shepheard all this while to haue a troubled ſleepe:
Well might he heare the Preachmẽt, by the Pulpit could not peepe:
Till merrie *Robin*, gerding out a ſcape or twaine, did riſe,
And with the wind therof, might ſeeme, were cleerd the Shepherds eyes.
Who glad he was deliuerd ſo of them, then vaniſht cleene,
Told ſome, I know not whom, what ye haue heard was ſaid & ſeene.
Of *Kenneths* foreſaid Viſion falſe enſueth, did effect,
That longer *Mars* himſelfe might not the *Picts* gainſt *Scots* protect:
Nor lother did *Æneas* to inſtancing *Dido* tell
His Cities ſack, than we ſhall what this People braue befell.

CHAP.

CHAP. 92.

THis as an hallowed warfare to the *Scots* proceeded, ſo
As neither Sexe but hild thē curſt that grudgd therein to go:
Nor more the multitude than was their malice to the foe:
Behou'd the *Picts* beſtirre them, thus behighted ruthleſſe woe.
Was needleſſe therefore bid thē arme: their Foes exceed them not
For forward, or for foohood: none ſo odious as the *Scot*.
Suppoſe no bloudie doole oreſlipt vnexecuted theare:
Not to haue ſlaine enough than to be ſlaine was leſſer feare.
But *Fortune* now, not Fortitude, began to take her leaue
Of her ſo long indeared *Picts*, and to their foes to cleaue:
For who ſo happy euer whom ſhe neuer doth deceaue?
King *Donskene* hardly did eſcape with *Picts* a very few: (withdrew
And *Kenneth* with his deere-bought Spoiles his Forces thence
Nor long time was by-runne when both their Armies did renew.
The *Picts*, that were by former warres much broken, hired aids,
Of *Saxons* (Engliſh then) againſt the *Scot* that them inuaids,
With ruinating fire and ſwords remorſiue vnto none,
And wiſhing hearts of worſer than Superlatiues of mone:
And on the *Pictiſh* part it was to termes no better growne.
Twixt *Picts* and *Saxons* had few yeares before a Field been fought,
The *Saxon* King thē ſlain, & Thence the *Picts* much bootie brought:
Which to reuenge, the *Saxons* now occaſion falſely caught:
Foes reconcild not ſildome haue, if truſted, proued naught.

No ſooner ioyne the Battels but the *Saxons* them withdrew,
And neutrally from hils aloofe the Execution view.
The *Picts* ſo weakened, *Donskene* yet from *Donskene* no whit ſwarues,
But ſtill a dauntleſſe heart vnto a diſmall houre reſarues:
And what a complet Captaine might in nothing did omit,
Incountring and incouraging, when, where, and what was fit:
Nor their innatiue Proweſſe did his People then forgit:
Nor Field was euer fought with more perſeuerant Swords than it.
The *Scots* (to whom all *Britaine* in times Reuolutions was
Inaugurated) did their Maine at feareleſſe hazard pas:
Whilſt *Picts*, that ſhould vnpeople now, as fruit vnripened fell:
For *Scots* at leaſt with *Picts* alike might ſlaughtred Corpſes tell.
Seauen times that fatall day the *Picts* renewed fight in vaine,
Till almoſt all did periſh, and their valiant King was ſlaine:
At *Donskene* ſo vnto the *Picts* both ended Realme and Raigne.
Camelon (now in rubble, then a ſpatious Citie ſtrong,
Wherein the Romaine Preſidents had hild their States of long,
Nor could for bewtifull this Iſle boaſt like, elſe books be wrong,
Though hardly now (as *Verelon*) it Ruins found among)
Held Pictiſh yet: to which thoſe few that had eſcaped ſtead,
Beſeeged now: the which to race, and all therein for dead
The *Scots* had vowed. Whereupon ſuch deſpret Sallies bread,
That, had not hate in *ſcottiſh* hearts bread *Lethargie* of feare,
Their Obſtinacie had giuen place to dreadfull Obiects theare.
But loſſe nor labour *Kenneth* cares whereby the *Picts* might fall:
Whilſt theſe eſteemd inceſſant toyles and greateſt dangers ſmall.
When long, and to the *Scots* themſelues the Siege had loſſefull bin,
(For *Picts* had vowed not to looſe, as *Scots* the Towne to win)
And that ſuch famine had inrag'd within the walles, ſo ſore,
As that they were inforſt to eate what Nature did abhore,
By Stratagemes effecting was at laſt the Citie loſt:
In winning which alternallie it ouer-dearely coſt.
But Victors were the *Scots*, that ſpar'd nor Prieſt, nor Sexe, nor age,

But ſlaughter all, and quite race downe *Camelon* in their rage.
Thus, after twiſe ſixe hundred yeares, this Citie and that State
Were cleane extirpt, through *Scots*, thereto ordaind by ſhiftleſſe fate.
Who alſo wrought in all, ſo farre as then in them did lye,
That euen the very name of *Picts* to future times ſhould dye.
But neither Swords, nor fir'd Records, nor alterd names of all,
Nor *Enuies*-ſelfe, this of their worth extinguiſh, hope we ſhall.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOKE OF *ALBIONS ENGLAND.*

CHAP. 93.

THE *Scots* thus conquerd *Penthland*, when two
Nations more remaind
Within this Iland, alſo to their Empire pre-
ordaind,
Britons (now *Welſh*) and *Saxons* (now cald *Eng-*
liſh) either twaine
From then a world of time remote vnited to
their Raigne:
And *Ireland* alſo (whence they were) in *Englands* right they gaine.
But by what Currants reſteth now in breuitie to ſay,
More facle, by how much the more I ſee that wiſhed day
Of all by-paſſed ages now effected fully in
His Maieſtie, that Monarchie doth of this Ile begin.

The

The *Picts* thus past, more of the *Scots* shall be remembred, when
The *Welsh*, more auncbant *Incolants*, distaske our willing pen.
For *Welsh* and *Scots*, so far-forth we *Aborigens* may name,
As that they held them heere intier since first they hither came.
We Modernes are compounded of them both, *Picts*, *Romaines*, and
Armoricanes, *Danes*, *Normaines*, all once breeding in this land.
Since *Brittish*, *English*, *Scottish*, and the *Danish* bloods vnite
In *Englands* royall Issue now, what wrongs haue they to right?
But that, for Consanguinitie, we may, coleaug'd with those,
God set before, set dread behinde of whatsoeuer foes.
May all their virtues grifted in our Natures shew euents
In this our *Eden* worthy still at least of such discents.

Rome heere preuailing, latenlie, old *Britons*, *Picts*, were said,
Of their self-painting, whēce foe-feard they did thēselues perswaid.
Rome outed, *Pictish Britons* did *Brittish* Reuolts inuaid,
Because those Lattres (basely thought those Formers) *Rome* obaid:
For these though seuerd earst were one. Then *Scots* extirpt the *Picts*:
Then came the *Saxons*, and to *Wales* debelled *Brutes* Relicts:
Where yet they are a People, and had there their natiue Kings,
And in that war-saud Countrie in their Countrie, acted things
Whereof (their insufficient *Bard*) my Muse too skantie sings.
At last to th'*englisht Normaine* yoke them ciuell discord brings.
Of *Britons* (*saxonlie* cald *Welsh*, or Strangers) touch we heere
Occurrents, as in weale or woe the same concernd them neere:
Yea progresse we awhile through *Wales*, where *Brute* his off-springs
Vnder their natiue Princes long did many a glorious deed: (seed,
And that those *Britons* braue Remaines time frō tumultuous brings,
Was not our Armor, but our late Alacritie of Kings.
For, since protected in same Lawes, and mixt with vs in blood,
Bad Brookers they of violence prou'd Voluntaries good,
And to themselues haue happy, to our State haue loyall stood.

Cadwalader, as is before, transfreated, forst thereto
By what th'inuading *Saxons* and the Pestilence did do,

The

The Things of *Wales*, as *Saxons* too, confusedly did stand:
The cause Pluralitie of Kings aduanst in either land.
Till *Saxons* did in *Lhoyger* (to the *Welsh* cald *England*) chuse
(Which honor thence West-*Saxon* Kings in that *Heptarchia* vse)
A souereigne Generall for their warres against their cõmon foes,
And *Brittish-Cambries* (*Welsh-men* now) a like Superior choes,
Twixt which *Alienigenests* not sildome warfare groes.
King *Rodericke*, surnamd the great, did monarchize at last
Wales, that had neere as many Kings as *Cantreses* in times past;
Reducing all to three, whereof were Tributaries twaine
Vnto the third, North-*Wales*, which thence did Paramount remaine.
Of North-*Wales*, South-*Wales*, *Powys*-land, making bequests he dide,
And his three Sonnes those Diuidents in Thrones distinct supplide.
Of all things there, long out of ioint, in order as they fell
Through vsurpations, ciuill warres, and *Danes* were long to tell,
But of those indigested daies this merits obseruation,
At ods they euend against Aliẽrs, nor mixt bloud with forren natiõ.
Yet, though against the *Welsh*-Kings will, our royall Surname now
(If Historie therein we may authenticall allow)
It Seedster from that kingly Streene deriues, ensueth how.

CHAP. 94.

ONe *Makebeth*, who had traitrously his sometimes Souereigne slaine,
And like a Monster not a Man vsurpt in *Scotland* raigne,
Whose guiltie Conscience did it selfe so feelingly accuse,
As nothing not applide by him against himselfe he vewes,

No

No whiſpring but of him, gainſt him all weapons feares he borne,
All Beings iointly to reuenge his Murthres thinks he ſworne,
Wherefore (for ſuch are euer ſuch in ſelfe-tormenting mind)
But to proceed in bloud he thought no ſafetie to find.
All Greatneſſe therefore, ſaue his owne his, driftings did infeſt:
Wit ſo is wiſedomes Excrement, and dangerouſly tranſgreſt.
But Pomp, nor Policie, the poore in ſpirit ſhall be bleſt,
When at the generall Doome our Soules and Sathan ſhall conteſt.
One *Banquho*, powrefulſt of the Peers, in popular affection
And proweſſe great, was murthred by his tyrannous direction.
Fleance therefore this *Banquhos* ſonne fled thence to *Wales* for feare,
Whome *Gruffyth* kindly did receiue, and cheriſht nobly there.
This grew ſo rare in Court, as him did euery Eie and Eare
Deſier to ſee for perſon, for diſcourſe delight to heare.
King *Gruffyths* Daughter, Paragon for bewtie and for wit,
He followed with ſuch Offices to complet Courtſhip fit,
That each to other ſympathiz'd ſuch ſetled liking, as
Her heart to his, his heart to hers tranſplantiuely did paſſe.
In other Courts for either Sexe not amorous to appeare
Was not to be a Courtior, but ſuch boldneſſe faulted theare:
Her lou'd of him, him lou'd of her, was patent to them both,
Yet dombly ſo, and either that ſhould th'other noote it loth.
Not he, by Sonnets paſſonate, did giue the world to wit
That he was turnd *Hermaphrodit*, and ſhe the cauſe of it:
Nor borrowed ſhe of *Phaos* box thereby to ſeeme more faire,
As thoſe that fondly rob themſelues by Arte of that they are.
Through this occaſion laſtly thus he nakt to her his heart:
I pree thee, *Fleance*, tell quoth ſhe, which I haue heard in part,
The Storie of *Fairies* that foretold thy Fathers fate,
For why? I know not why, but ſure it throbs my heart of late.
Throb may it ſo it thriue, quoth he, in you to that euent
Diuind by them, nor hope I you can Deſtinie preuent:
But howſoeuer thus it was. King *Duncane* when aliue,

To

To *Makbeth* and my father did great Dignities deriue,
As chiefeſt for their births, their wit, and valour, alſo thay
Held friendſhip long, and luckely in *Scotch* affaires did ſway.
Three *Fairies* in a priuate walke to them appeared, who
Saluted *Makbeth* King, and gaue him other Titles too:
To whom my father, laughing, ſaid they dealt vnequall dole,
Behighting nought thereof to him, but to his Friend the whole.
When of the *Weird-Elſes* one of them, replying, ſaid that he
Should not be King, but of his Streene a many Kings ſhould be.
So vaniſh they: and what they ſaid of *Makbeth* now we ſee.
But murdred is my father, and of him remaines but me,
Nor ſhall what they diuin'd effect, vnleſſe, ſweet Sweet, by thee.
What bluſh you, Lady, pree thee let me buſſe that bluſh away,
He ſaid, and did it, She to ſeeke euen of a womans Nay.
When Louers opportunely meet to chaffer fire and flaxe,
Will ſomtimes falles too ſoone a worke, and Wit thereof doth taxe:
This amourous Couples cloſe Cõtract perform'd ſuch earneſt ſport,
As worſer newes than would their tongues her belly did report.
The fault apparant, *Fleance* was by furious *Gruffyth* kild,
And ſhe, deliuered of a Sonne, was in affliction hild.
The rather for an Aliant had preuailed in that caſe,
Than which amongſt the *Welſh-men* thẽ was nothing more diſgrace.
And, ſoothly, vnto theſe our ti[illegible]es in *Europe* ſcarce is knowne
As North-*Wales* is, a Nation more intirely People-one,
But that ſo long in one ſame Land haue hild them thinke I none,
If be not naturall *Iriſh* for abode and Breede out-worne.
From theſe ſo hapleſſe Parents yeat an happie Sonne proceeded,
Well educated of the King, and prouing nobly deeded,
At age admir'd for actiue, and for high imployments apt:
But for the vertuous to haue bin enuied euer hapt.
One taxing him of Baſtardie, words more than he could brooke,
Was ſlaine by him: who fearing Law his flight to *Scotland* tooke.
Where *Walter* (for it was his name) exact of noble blood,

And Grand-ſonne to the King of *Wales*, in publique fauour ſtood.
Amongſt great honors, which his great Achiuemẽts well did merit,
He was Lord *Steward* of the Land: which Sur-name all inherit
Of him deſcended to this day: which Surname, and which Streene
Hath bleſt the *Scots* with Princes eight, Ours alſo numbers neene:
Great Monarke of great *Britaine* now, ſo amply neuer any:
Long may he liue an happie King, of him may Kings be many.
Boaſt of his triple royall blood from you yee *Cambrian Brutes*,
Which to his high diſcents Elſe-where not loweſt ranked ſutes.
For *Tudor* from *Cadwallader*, and *Iames* from *Tudor* claimes,
From *Gruffyths* royall Daughter too himſelfe a *Brute* he names,
From *Gladys*, *Mortimer* his wife Prince *Dauids* ſiſter and
Vndoubted heire, he alſo hath in blood and ownes your Land.
Great *Britaine*, ſith a *Briton* doth remonarchize thy Throne,
Remaũd thy name: *Brute* had, *Iames* hath the whole, as els had none.
What then remaines, ſith all is Ones, but all be one in all,
And Schiſmes be reconcildè or ſcourg'd, for God quaints not with
The great Surname of *Steward*, how it royaliz'd ſhall reſt (*Baal.*
For amplier Storie, and of *Wales* ſhall be awhile digreſt.

CHAP. 95.

SAy me, of gadding, whiſpring, and of reall Papiſts, who
Wiſh not that *Romes Palladium* might as *Greekes* to *Troy* Here doe?
Nay, which of moſt the Popes their deeds, in Paratie, did touch
Of theſe vſurped *Sur-names* (Names purporting vertue much)
As *Clement*, *Pius*, *Benedict*, with *Boniface*, and ſuch?

The

The Contrary in theſe and their blind Dogmatiſts is true:
Witnes *Guy Faux* his god-curſt Taske ſet by a Pope-bliſt Crew.
But thy Name, *Faux*, apts Latinlie vnto thy Nature bad:
Saue pitie more euen Tigers iawes haue than thy blood-thirſt had.
France, Belgick, Spaine, Cis-Tranſ-Alpine, had they againſt vs arm'd,
All they in this vnited Iſle had (if at all) leſſe harm'd,
(For euen a Conqueſt, though it much addes, alters, and ablates,
To, in, and from, a vaſſald State, not howbeit vn-States)
Than this one Viper in his Denne, by one vnthought of blow,
Hels ſtratagemous Quinteſſence, *Romes* ſelfe-created Foe:
For henceforth who, not ſenſeleſſe, to her Oracle will goe?
Thoſe all, I ſay; yea all the worlds ioynt Armour neuer had,
Or could they would they barbarouſly haue bin ſo ruthleſſe bad,
As in a trice had been perform'd by *Faux*, abetted by
Conſpirators, more odious than their names to ſhame can dye.
Yea, but that Prouender them prickt, by ſome that might haue ſaid,
Soule take thine Eaſe, here vp in ſtore enough for thee is laid.
But Gold, I trow, would be a God it gathereth ſo of Stile:
To be a Noble, Soueraigne, nor an Angel, worth the while.
Like to which Climaxie of Coyne wealth eleuates the minde
To tract of Greatneſſe, till mongſt men be *Lucifers* declinde.
Beſides a many Innocents, not aim'd at or remorſed,
His Maieſties, Queenes, Of-ſprings breathes from their ſweet bodies (forced,
The Prelacie, Nobilitie, States-men, and State betraide,
None to conſult, none to commaund, obey, or be obeyde,
Proteſtants, Papiſts, Puritanes, and Atheiſts by the eares,
All in Confuſion, Rapines, blood, in horror, Schiſmes, and feares,
How many vnprepared Soules in that one tragick Blaſt
Had, vnrepentant, what car'd *Rome* to whom or whither paſt?
That Parlament, that ſhould haue bliſt an hopefull *Vnion* here
Twixt *Engliſh* and the *Scots*, had left nor *Vnion*, King, nor Peere,
Nor of the royall Impes, nor whom, but better had been dead
Than to haue ſeene thoſe miſeries that Maſſacre had bread:
A Maſſacre? nay vilder than affining Terme is read.

Nor had thoſe Diuels themſelues ſped as their Proiect had decreed,
Whilſt *Britaine* had a *Chriſtian*, and that *Chriſtian* blood to bleed:
Nor any (if no Papiſt) though *Mahummatiſt*, or *Iew*,
Or morall *Idolaſt* had brookt ſuch irreligious View,
Nor Forren State, or Potentate, the Pope reſpecting leſſe
Than Gods law, lawes of Nature, and of Nations to tranſgreſſe:
Or, doubtleſſe, had ſelfe-Butcherie amongſt thoſe Butchers bin,
Like Wolues in ſharing Praies, ſo God abhors ſuch bloodie ſinne:
Through whō, themſelues that dig'd for vs the Pit are falne therin.
Romes Neros-fire, *Guyſe*-Maſſacre, *Herods* Act, *Hamons* Minde,
Our *Iohn*, *French Henrie* murdred, moe, nor any in that kinde,
Pagan, nor Popiſh Crueltie here Parallel can finde:
For blood and ſower deſignes ſo farre beyond Example all,
As Children now, when they be men, beleeue it hardly ſhall.
Then, *Britons*, whē ye bleſſe your Babes, mixt may your bleſſings be
With this, that they take Caution that did *Papiſme* thus decree:
Whence true Tradition of the Fruit may blanch thē frō the Tree.
Yea, let them liſten, lothingly, what *Ieſuites* propound
Gainſt Kings & States, perfidiouſly t'aduāce their Triple-crownd:
For which, euen *Atheiſme* (theirs except) diſclaimeth any ground.
Yet out of Practiſe, Purpoſe, Terme, and None it to relate
May be that diuliſh Doctrine whence they now *Equiuocate*.
For we may vouch our Age to haue begotten two ſuch Twinnes,
That *Manual* meant, This *Mental* brocht, as comprehend all Sinnes.
To *Gangrens* as Deciſion fits (the ſooner better) ſo
This Latters Breath choake at its Birth, that elſe wil monſtrous grow.
When *Hercules* was preacht a God to ſo Beleeuers, it
Was taxt a needleſſe Doctrine: But this Loore-Striſe more vnfit,
Sith *Romes Amphibologie* faults to Truſt, Religion, wit:
Of *Paganiſme*, yea *Atheiſme* hiſt, deriued from *Hels* Pit.
The fabled *Satyre* came to dine, but when his hoſte for Colde
Did blow his Nayles, his Pottage too for heate, not ſtay he would,
Diſparitie from one ſame Breath, him ſcathed to behould.
Tongues-Othes, Harts-Thoughts, Diſiūctiues, by a *Mētal* reſeruatiō,

What

What Lawes, whose life or State secure, should such not be *Nugation?*
Such cannot be of God, therefore it selfe cannot but kill,
When *trulie falslie* sworne doth sinne, yea *Good* that tracts of *Ill.*
No Beasts, of whom but selfe-Repose to be disturbd is feard,
Will suffer that amongst them this bigenderd Beast shall heard.
Absurdities vncontrouerst, as silenst then let goe:
It prouds a *Schismatick* when him disputes a learned foe.
But, Infants-now, by yee be men, or might if ye shall liue,
An vniuersall Hate is hopte to *Rome* an End shall giue:
Hate? and an End right iusticed against that purple Whore:
My soule for yours, if hers you hate, and shall imbrace our Lore.
Wise is he that spake wisely thus the veritie in this,
The *Mysterie* of *Iniquitie* in perfect *Papisme* is.
Amongst a many Instancies, the vglyest was this Plot,
Preuented earst miraculously: nor be the meanes forgot. (Strange
Mount-Eagle (than that Names-birth, Gods preordinance more
In that darkt loue, meant sole to thee, such Prodigies should change)
Mount Eagle thine as high a pitch as Prince-bird of thy kinde
Did euer, and thy loyaltie liue in the Lions minde:
Whose great-grand-Mothers Father too, Birds of thy feather foūd
That, chiefly, thrown'd him in his Right, a Tyrāt then dil-crownd,
For which, long ciuil warres so ceast, and this, should al confound,
But God vsde thee a counter-meanes, rests *England* deeply bound
To theirs and thine auspitious Bird, still to its Scepter sound.

CHAP. 96.

CONsult thy ſelfe, dread Soueraigne, and thy Senators, how may
The *Romiſh Hydras* heads be ſeard, or Monſter ridde away.
For ſith they doome all Heretiks not ſuting to their Lore,
And faith with vs not to be held, but foehood euermore,
And ſith for Murthers Merits, Othes Remiſſiõ, heauẽ for Treaſon,
Hath their Religion them to doubt, that all things dare, is reaſon:
But God it is that broke the Snare, watch, pray we euery Seaſon.
And, as thy Courtiers, alſo let thy Commons, ſacred King,
Vnto thine affabilitie and bountie *Pæans* ſing.
Than which, is thought, that nothing more aſſures a Regall-Seate,
Which ſeeming ſilly do, vndone, much Scathe to Scepters threate:
Elizabeth, moſt ſweet wert thou, in each heart-chayning feate.
And miſerable Papiſts, too delirouſly miſlead,
To whom are Othes, blood, what not Hels, may ſtand your Sect in ſtead:
Indulgenced, Only to you, and only are forbod
The Scriptures and our Churches, leſt yee turne from Pope to God.
O, rather take the warrantize of that ſole Deitie
That, bidding ſearch the Scriptures, ſaith of him they teſtifie.
Peruſe them yet, frequent our Church, confer with our Diuines:
So ſhall ye finde *Rome* falſe, and leſſe to care your faith than fines:
For to the Centure of ſelfe-Pompe directeth all her Lines:
Nor can it be Religion that ſo diueliſhly deſignes:
As did your late preuented Plot, that *Rome* and Hell combines.
For all yet ſaid, is nothing to that more that might be ſaid,
Of our compleateſt Parlament that ſhould haue been betraid:

And new *Rome*, that for Infamie too long hath famous bin,
Vncontradicted, for that Plot from Hell the Palme doth win.
Sith *Peters*-ſelfe, firſt Patriarke in your Church, as yee pretend,
Was taught, and taught, meekneſſe and Loue, ſo liu'd, and ſo did end,
Sith thirtie three ſucceeding in that Chaire were martyrd ſuch,
And all the Fathers There (of Stile no higher would they touch)
Were abiect poore, till *Conſtantine* inritched them too much,
And *Phocas* for his Priuats *Rome* the Supreme Sea promoted,
How is it of Supremacie, as if from *Chriſt*, then doted?
Well, if in Church-affaires ye in your Follies ſo admit,
Yet that be Popes Heauens Porters, or the Gaylers of Hels Pit,
Or that their *Mittimus* to This, *Admittimus* to That,
Be worth a farthing of the Price, creed they that care not what.
But certis, Papiſtrie, that in it ſelfe is ſo abſurd,
Of learned men and Princes, that conferre it with Gods word,
Is vſde but for ſelfe-purpoſes and Policies a Staile,
And whither will the head we know that thither will the Taile.
What Warres, Inuaſions, Rebels, Plots, at leaſt ſince *Luthers* daies,
But thence had hopes, Buls, or Pretexts, ỹ Maine meant other waies.
How many Kings for Coyne-cauſe, or repelling but Pope-pride,
Hath *Rome* infeſted, though with her the ſame in all beſide?
Moſt-what by Women, ſillie Girles, youths, firie-wits, Ambitious,
By great, by needy Mal-Contents, by Credulous, and Vitious,
Work *Romes* Committees, & from fleſh to fare much more delicious
Penance their Puples: whiteſt Sons theſe Seedſters and Seditious.
And, that for them libentiouſly Fooles-Catholike ſhould erre,
Penſions, Canonizing at leaſt, on *Rome*-wrights they conferre.
But, if had ſpead their barbarous Plot of vaulted Powder late,
Then friends and foes, vncarde of them, had paſt in one ſame rate,
And Agents too: Religion was the bye, the Maine the State.
Deluded Soules, in only Chriſt ground all Faith, Loue, and Hope;
A mortall Man, ſinfull as ye, or worſer is the Pope,
Your Coyne of all his Practiſes and Pedlaries the ſcope.

So

So violently, blaſphemouſly, and ſuddainly haue dide
So many Popes, as in no Ranke of States hath hapt beſide.
And to vſurpe the *Papacie*, ſuch treacherous Intruſions,
For *Romes* Religion, and her Rites, ſuch falſe and harſh Concluſions,
Such Simonie, Pride, Briberie, and Brothelrie is There,
Yea and *Sodometrie*, as not exampled are Elſ-where.
Such is your God, his Oracle, his Orgies, and his Alter, (halter.
O venture not your Soules for ſuch, to heuen-wards through an
Babel is falne, *Vr-Caldick* ſquencht, *Delphos* in no requeſt,
Pantheon none for *Ethnick* Gods, *Iewdaiſme* finds no reſt,
Mahumetrie hath but it time, the *Arian* and old ſtore
Of Hereſies are ſilenced, hath *Romes* then Placcard more?
Nay, let her looke a full Eclipſe of her aie darkned Moone,
By interponure of the Sunne that ſhall vnſhine it ſoone.
And (which is read as holy writ) the Legend of their Saints
To wiſemens View, vpon that Pale *Anathema* it paints.
The Statute in Q. *Maries* raigne, when *Poole* re-*Rom'd* this Realme,
Doth arrogate vnto that Sea in tearmes too much extreame.
Yet ſome for ſelfe-Preferments, ſome to pleaſe, in blindnes moſte,
Or how ſoeuer, wrought it was that *Rome* did rule the Roſte.
But this be noted, worth the note, though *Rome* then ſoules re-got,
The Abbie-Lands, though labouring it, ſhe repoſſeeded not:
Her truſted they with thoſe, themſelues with theſe, & quaſht had bin
That holie Statute, rather than a Land-ſaue not put in.
The pride of that ſame Prelacie, far leſſe than ſince and now,
Euen in a Saint of theirs did our old Chriſtians diſalow,
Concerning which enſueth here, the Storie when and how.

CHAP.

CHAP. 97.

TO *Austin*, first of *Kentish* Saints, doe lend your eares a while:
Not to his Legend (so absurd as, reade, would make yee smile,
Or rather good men grieue that stuffe so grosse should men beguile)
But of that Saint, whom *Gregorie* the Pope sent to this Isle,
So mou'd by feature that at *Rome* he saw in *Englishmen*,
Or Pagan *Saxones*, newly cal'd by name of *English* then.
Note, diuers hundred yeeres before that *Lucius* here was King,
The *Britons* had receiu'd the faith, and though did Saxons bring
Hither with them their Paganisme and Christians did oppresse,
Amongst the then *Welsh-Britons* was the Gospell neretheless,
And Primatiue Church-Practise of trew Faith, for why? as yet
From Popes was no corruption brought, nor any from them fet.
But as their first Apostle, from Christs first Apostles, brought
Immediat Christianitie, at *Bangor* was it taught
Sincerely so, aboue those Clerkes till Primacie was sought
By *Austin*, then *Romes* Agent, fam'd such wonders to haue wrought,
As, if his Legend be no Lie (to deeme the best we ought)
Meere Exorcismes (for Miracles were ceast) they may be thought.
But sith not only Fathers in their bookes be falsefide,
But euen the sacred Scriptures, to vphold the Papall pride,
This *Austin* and his fellow Saints may also be belide.
Of whom be reuerent Censure, that for most were men deuout,
Though in their Legends (others works) meere Fables are set out.

* For is it probable his Staffe ſhould make three furlongs flight,
Of ſelfe accord, from out his hand, and where as it did light
Should ſourd a plentious Wel, not ſeen or heard of ere that night?
* Or that, for being mockt at *Stroud* in *Kent* or other where,
Their following Births had Thorne-backe Tayles, & ſo held many a yere?
*Or that, to inſtant due of Tythes, he bidding, preſt to Maſſe,
All there accurſt to voyde the Church, incontinent ſhould paſſe
From out his Graue a ſhrowded Ghoſt, who being queſtiond why
Said he in Hell for Tythe-fault curſt yeeres ſeuen ſcore ten did lie:
Whom *Auſtin* bids to bring him where the Prieſt that curſt him lay,
Whoſe ſoule, at leaſt in Paradiſe, did *Auſtins* call obey:
And in the ſight of many, by the Saints direction did
Aſſoyle the Ghoſt accurſt, whence both in reſtfull Graue abid.
When, had the Prieſt ſo likt, the Saint had him to life reſtorde:
And many wondrous Lies like theſe, that Legend doth afforde.
Howbeit thus, he, other Saints, and Lay-men are abuſde
By *Rome*, that to her Treaſurie ſo to haue gainde hath vſde.
But of that Sea, in this her Saint, taxt of inchriſtian Glorie,
Euen by the then *Bangorian* Clerkes, is our digreſſed Storie.

At *Bangor* was the *Academe* of *Chriſtian* Learning then,
An houſe of twentie hundred and moe regular good Men.
Theſe had as yet but heard of Popes and *Auſtins* Preaching, how
Moſt *Engliſh-Saxons* and their Kings his Baptiſme did allow:
And that he alſo meant to Plant *Romes* Nouelties in *Wales*,
Wherefore at laſt this Councell in their Chapter-houſe preuailes:
That if he came, as fitted Chriſt his Seruant, humbly meeke,
He ſhould be then receiued, and obtaine what he did ſeeke:
If contrarie, they held not his Religion worth a Leeke.
But could a Monke, then Primate of all *England*, that alſo
Affected to be ſuch for *France*, till *Rome* ſent Anſwer no:
For *Gregorie* (ſaid to haue been the baſeſt did fore-goe,
And beſt of following Popes) to ſuch Supremacie was Foe,
Nor further would than nationall that ſhould one Sea orefloe.

For

For then had Church-pride chipped Shell, for *Antioch* not for *Rome*,
In Queſtion of *Supremacie*, gainſt which that Pope did doome.
Though ſhortly Popes themſelues did for themſelues ſo labour it,
As to their *Papacie* that Stile vnchriſtianly they git:
And with ſo much Incharitie exact the ſame ere-ſince,
As not diſturbed by that Schiſme hath not been State or Prince.
But many yeeres twixt them and vs hath been Imbarment ſuch,
As ſeldome *Tibers* Bottomes Here, vnleſſe at *Tyborne* tuch.
And neuer into better Ports may them their Pilots put,
That with ſo odious Fraites as theirs through any Seas ſhall cut.
But in that Synod could, I ſay, our *Auſtin* then appeare,
Without his ſiluer Croſſe at leaſt, Croſier, & ſtately Cheare,
Pall, Mitre, and Pontificials, ſuch as ſuch Prelates weare?
No, but alſo an haughtie minde he to that Synod brought:
Wherefore the *Britiſh* Clergie did conclude his Doctrine nought.
And angrie *Auſtin*, threatning them with Euils that effected,
Wherein (a badge of Papiſme) was his Forwardnes ſuſpected,
Departed, and the *Britiſh* Church in primatiue Profeſſion
Proceeded, till did Slaughter make therein a forſt Deceſſion.
If then was ſuch, and ſuch was then, as ſince was worſer euer,
From *Rome* vſurpious, bloodie, proud, hereticall then ſeuer
Ye Creatures of Hers, kiſt with a kiſſe of *Iudas* moule,
Her bleſſing is a curſing to purſe, bodie, ſenſe, and ſoule.

CHAP. 98.

NExt theſe of Saints, vnſanctified, that alſo ſturre the State,
Calumnize Church, our *Liturgie*, and Rites in criticke rate.
Yet (let not men religious, or but morall good replie)
What are they but the mapped Orbs of all Hypocriſie?
Of Humor, Pride, Peruerſneſſe fead, nor be Irreuerence ſpoke,
Too aduantagiouſly from out our *Rubrick* they vnyoke,
And Canons old and new by them are, too ſecurely, broke,
Yea and, offenſiuely, vnto our Regulars, ſubmis
To meete Conformetie, that by Nouators dallied is.
For in euaſiue Diſcipline, and tolerating Lawe,
Meant howſoeuer, baine from balme doe ſuch Fantaſticks drawe,
And giddie Flights of Buſſards oft deuote them to ſome Dawe:
Who, howſoeuer he impungs our Order in Church-Rites,
Them tearming *Romiſh* Ragges, or with his leaden Sword thẽ ſmites,
Yet whatſoeuer Papiſtrie exacted, payed yet,
His ſcrupulous Reformitie, will nought thereof remit.
Nay, Frier more did neuer preach deuotion to his Dame
Than theſe Addition, nor for aught with-hild did ſo exclame.
Which were indeed allowable in any more than Theſe;
That are in all but for themſelues, all would, will nothing leeſe.
Whoſe holy Noſes ouer-hang at Markets, Staules, and Sacks,
There hucking cheapth, here hearkening dearth, to ſet abroach their (Stacks.
And if of theſe Irregulars (as few haue) ſome giue-out,

They

They of their Owne prouided are ſufficiently no doubt,
Or know to lay their knife aboord,at others Coſts,for Fare
And greater Eaſe than Studie them or Pulpetrie can ſpare.
Or if ſhall of Pluralities be likely Riſſes,then
Their Saintſhips are as capable thereof as ſinfull men.
Say ſomethings faultie in abuſe of good Lawes,what of ſo?
A lawfull Calling,Seaſon,Cauſe,ſtill hand in hand ſhould goe.
Synods & Senats ſhould they to prepoſterous Schiſmes giue place,
Lawes would be ſick of Lunacie,ſtill alter would the Cace.
The Adders Tayle,becauſe it had the Sting,would hale the Head,
Enſewd,the blind Conductor to a deadly Down-fall lead.
Were Sailers ſcornd the Maſter for Director,him they drownd,
A Tempeſt hapt,none could direct,and all a Shipwrack found.
Of Plebales when they ruſh into Reformitie like ground,
And like ſucceſſe: themſelues for moſt cannot themſelues expound.
Nor captiouſly be taine the Tearme of *Puritane*,but know,
To Puritie faind of Impure,ſo knowne,we badder owe,
Than by a bare *Sarcaſmus* to obtrude on ſuch the Lie
Of them beloued: Cenſure then of me as cenſure I,
That iterate,let Phariſies not Publicanes applie:
And care not Termes, but cleere the Schiſmes in peruerſe humour
And in a nick-nam'd Puritane an Hypocrite be read. (lead,
For vpright hearts,for holie hands,for reuerent tongues and eares
Be Scriptures only,and to God no ſecret but appeares.
Then babble leſſe,and practiſe more of Pietie,if not,
By knowing good and doing ill the rather Hell is got.
Sith Theſe and *Romes*,ſo dangerouſly,to Innouation tend
Againſt the Church and publike Peace,or breake or make thē bend:
At leaſt,ſith ſuch *Antitheſes* to Truth vnuiſard are,
Yet ſelfe-accuſing Conſciences ſeducing not forbeare,
Of Spleene or Singularitie,no ſuch Seducers ſpare.
Should Law lack force,or Iuſtice faint,as neither doth-or ought,
This comforts yet,Things not of God come of thēſelues to nought.

Omitting ſerious Errants,and few pitied wits of ſome
Conceited,an I exemplarly conſorted,now though dumme,
Hopte howbeit no *Lethargie* their Senſes doth benumme,
(For ſomtimes good men, till remou'd,to wrong Opinions leane)
Be medeld but of ayrie Saints,our Hypocrits we meane,
Of whom too many be obſeru'd too ſubtile and vncleane.
Mongſt many of an Hang-by in that kind, who,ſaue for gaine,
Sees Pulpets only, echoeth *Paul*,and *Magdalen* doth faine,
The *ſcriptum eſt*,as did the Diuell,for her auaile applies,
Not for an Oxe an Oth,but for each trifle twentie Lies,
Tiers Catechizing,hangs at mouthes for ſcapes,when ſhall ye ſware
Be'r-Lady or but Mack,for hot encounter then prepare,
Admireth others Faults,whilſt ſhe doth nothing more than worſe,
Not ſticking cautilouſly the hier of Filthineſſe to purſe,
For,may ſhe opportune for Pence,liues not like lurching Blaine,
At her a caſt,for now my Muſe is in a merrie vaine.

CHAP. 99.

THere is an *Academie*,which I reuerence ſo much,
As geſſed gainſt it ſplenous thoughts me ſplenouſly would touch:
For as(ſo Hiſtorie)it was the Primer-ſchooling Heere,
So euer haue Religion and the Muſes held it deare:
What of Preciſians? moſt retract,did Papiſts Elſe-where ſo,
Amiſſe were well amended: but too Weſt-ward now we go.
Not miles from it a Townſhip is,I know not whether in

A neighbouring Mart more famous,or infamous for the ſinne
Of Beggers,Brothels,Cheaters,Bawds,and Vagrants once a yeere
Reſorting thither,then to put their ſinnes in practiſe there.
Farre be it though we taxe thereof thoſe dwelling there,for why?
Proctors nor Prætors euer could thoſe Of-ſcummes thence put by.
The harbouring then ſo fitting There, as thoſe of Sort among
Are faine thereof. But all this while we doe our Hoſteſſe wrong,
Who though ſhe lack not of the age that Scriptures lot to man,
In auaritious Prouidence leſſe Arte the Diuell can:
Her let vs Storie,as ſhe ſwaies the Pot and dripping-pan.
So farre-foorth as her empted Goomes permitteth Gueſts ſhe
And promiſeth to euery one ſoft lodging & ſweet ſheets: (greets,
But who would thinke by miſſe of teeth ẏ ſhe with profit meets?
Full gorged mongſt her Gueſts(for ſhe with euery Company eates,
And ſlauers out ſome Decate of worme-eaten home-ſpun feates,
Or with her fellow Phariſies of Lecture-ſhreads intreates,
Or as ſhe gropeth humours,ſo afferring ſtuffe repeates,
A *Proteu* to all profit, hers as euery pulſe ſo beates,
Well wotting now no thriuing if no hammering to all heates)
She,eating as chap-broken,of teeth-fugitiues complaines,
And for adiorned chewing ſo full fraughted trenchers gaines,
Which ſhe retaileth:neither with that bootie ſo refraines,
But that ſome neighbour big with childe luſts this or that ſhe faines,
And fourthly for her gulled Gueſts a galling ſhot remaines.
At table and in Stable when is frankly ſpent,and hopte
The promiſd Lodging,no ſuch thing,for many ſo gaine-coopt
Are glad,with freſh Expences for rear-banquets and great fiers,
All night to ſhelter bedleſſe there: her ſelfe meane time retiers
To gnawed bones, and ſlubberd Scraps, and Trenchers, which ſhe
So as no licking for a Mouſe her frugall fingers ſcapes, (ſcrapes
And with that ſweet Compound condites ſuch Gallimawfries as
She dearely vttereth to the Swaines that to and fro then pas.

Her

Her parts externall more to praiſe,in ſooth,I know not how,
Than that ſhe eateth,grunts,and goes as clenly as a Sow,
Splay-footed,gated like a Beare,and waſted like a Cow,
And greaſe combuſt hides as a Maske her face of *Baboon*-forme.
Not wrothfull though,who ſo will may howſoeuer ſtorme,
So ſhe hath pay,that will be paid,if Bayard be in Stable,
And Bayard ſhall be there,for none ſhe intertaines not able.
And though her wealth be great ſhe hath no pride as may appeare,
So ſluttiſh is her Wardrobe that ſhe doth and doth not weare.
And he that at her Beauties beſt her kiſſed him repented,
Then Lecherie muſt needes in one ſo vgly be preuented.
She cannot be malitious doth with only Mony deale:
Nor enuious,vnto only whom Vertues themſelues conceale.
And though that Gluttonie it ſelfe by her might be pourtraid,
Yet Others,not her ſelfe,for that deformitie haue paid.
Now,were our Hoſteſſe purged of her couetous humour too,
It were a *Metaphyſick* more than *Belzebub* can doe:
To whom I leaue both her and all ſuch Hoſteſes, Amen:
For better matter,could we hit thereon,attends our pen.
This Toy toſt-by,be now awhile contemplated vpon
The God-protected Gouernment of that ſweet Queene is gon.
How happie her diſtaſte of Theſe,of Pope,and Papiſts all
Was to her ſelfe and Hers,and how an Edict late for *Baal*,
Such as was *Iehues*,ſeem'd proclaim'd: for whereto els ſhould tend
Such libertie of Trauell,or of Ours,that might defend
Euen gainſt true Chriſtians Catholikes, nick-named, but thereby
To our Religion or to *Romes* Affections ſo to trie?
Sith pregnantly is Oppoſite our King to Papiſtrie.
On Theſe I ruminating thus into a ſlumber fell,
And dream'd a ſpeaking Viſion, which did humour me ſo well,
As would I could(which Arte cannot)it in its Eſſence tell.

CHAP.

CHAP. 100.

ME thought I did conceit the Sight that martyred *Stephen* had,
And from that glorious Heauen descend a Maide in brightnes clad:
Her lookes had compleat Maiestie mixt with allacrious view,
Whom by that Raritie to bee *Elizabeth* I knew.
Friend (quoth she) small thy fame and lesse thy Fortune, howbeit
Good-will I estimate aboue birth, wealth, or fluent wit,
Thy Betters (once my Flatterers) me and themselues forgit,
Thou with thy Mite remembrest me, and I remember it.
As *Palinur* I come not of *Æneas* to intreate
Interment, it I had, and am behighted Tombrie great.
Nor come I, sorrie Soule, to thee (as short of skill iwis
As meanes to mend in Staterie aught, if were aught amis)
As quarrellous, but to applaud what as I left it is,
For which at least your prudent King and Councell boad yee blis.
Nor come I from a *Limbo*, for there is but Heauen and Hell,
And Soules immediatly are and continue as they fell,
Though of a *Purgatorie* Popes the Fable dearely sell
Of life Eternitie, of Ioyes I Infinencie haue,
Yet rests a glorifying doome beyond what heart can craue:
We are in God, and God in vs, and God and we in one
Will not, vnlesse ye will, my Realme relict be ouerthrowne.
I found it such as Papistrie affecteth it againe,
And held it contrarie spight *Rome*, *France*, and insatiat *Spaine*,

Rebellions,and Conſpiracies,and left an Heire to raigne
Me likt he ſhould,and ioyes he doth,yet write I thus complaine.
Whereas,like *England*,not a Realme in *Europe* hath and had
Such powerfull Foes and Schiſmes,in all ſo capitally bad,
And God alone hath vndertaine your Cauſe and made yee glad,
May ſeeme of your owne Policie and ſtrength yee ouerwinne,
Of thankfulnes ſo little,and ſo much yee ſhew of ſinne.
Wheras(Truths & Times work)the Pope grew Here eſtrãged too,
As tirde in his attempts,and dride in all that he could doe,
Neer comen to this as,nam'd,was askt of whẽce that Beaſt & who?
How is it(though your Leagues perhaps for Statrie and for Trades
Be not amis,new times I know new Amitie perſwades)
That(which I held and left reſtraind,& whereby *England* thriu'd)
By tolerated Trauell,and free Souldrie is reuiu'd
Romes poyſon,and too patent meanes for Plots to be contriu'd?
But it be meant that ſo ſhould Waſpes be draind from out the Hiue,
Then penance too may Policie thoſe that it ſo doth ſhriue:
For Altars not to arme with vs,againſt vs is to ſtriue:
Religion and Subiection be each th'others Relatiue.
Now is it not as when,at once,all Kings adord the Beaſt, (creaſt,
So much more poyſnous now by how much more in power de-
To be ſuſpect in Citie,Towne,Court,Countrie,friendſhip,Feaſt,
Nor maruell that *Rome* wins ſo faſt,and, wonne,retaines ſo ſure,
Sith it to all is all in all,ſelfe-profit to procure.
The Serpent that in *Eden* did to Mankinds loſſe intice,
Is at her Councels Preſident,to giue gainſt ye aduice.
Nor *Mahomet* his Alchoran more plauſable than Hers:
The cauſe that many a Woman,Youth,and Indigent ſo erres:
For eaſie Preies intice a Theefe,Opinion much preferres:
With Senſualitie in part permitted,and ſinne bribed,
And with this Mot,*Sinne be aſſoyld*,may *Rome* be circumſcribed.
O peſtilent Religion(no Religion)that giues leaue,
Or pardon to the fowleſt Sinnes,nor only doth receaue

Your

Your Fugitiues, but them returns fraught with Inſtructions ſuch
As brought, though by a beardles boy, your State may wholy tuch!
Sith *Plutos* Gates ope nights and daies to all will goe or come,
Shut yours to ſhut in yours, and theirs ſhut out both all and ſome.
Nor of your Linſie-wolſie Rooſes of Peeres can I be dumme:
Nor of the *Mechianiſme* of ſome your Great-Ones by the Drumme.
Me thought like *Tudor* her ſtout Sier at it laſt ſaid ſhe ſtound:
O God, quoth ſhe, can Iuſtice ſleepe where ſuch Miſ-life is found,
In Preſident a preiudice, in law ſauz godly ground?
Should ſuch whom God & Nature els haue beutifide throughtout,
For one baſe ſinne to Vulgers be a by-word and a flout?
No, be it yet remembred that was God his feare forgot,
Who will forgiue true Penitents, and Time out-wears a blot:
If at this Charme be ſtopt the eares, there is a hell I wot.
There is an idle Schiſme to *Rome* and you in Oppoſition,
Which, ſhould it ſpeede, nor ſhe nor yee met euer like Phyſition:
Life for a Limme, meane Medicines without a meane applide,
Which, though contraried in Pretexts, beſibs that others Pride.
Of it giue alſo Caution, and bid kill it in the bud:
It euer harmed where it grew, and neuer will doe good,
In *Britaine* as a Peſtilence warne that it be withſtood.
Now that I mention *Britaine*, know that Name doth pleaſe me well:
Since *Brute* till now a Monarchie nere of this Iſle befell:
Vnion in one ſame Policie adde, and auoid an hell:
My Brothers Legend much againſt Pluralitie doth tell.
How many ſeuerall Lawes at once had *Britaine* long agoe?
The *Britons* theirs, the *Romanes* theirs, the *Picts* and *Scots* alſo.
In neerer times (beſides the *Scots* and *Welſh*) ſeauen *Saxon* Kings:
Vpheld ſo many Lawes, an Eighth with him the *Dane* he brings:
And all thoſe Eight the *Normaine* found to Three digeſted, and
Of all their creames compild one Law, now *Common* in this Land.
Since when, attempted oft, had no Inuaſion ouer-hand,

Ere when this Realme within it ſelfe continually did ſtriue,
And vnto ſeuerall Alliants op't a way for Conqueſts fiue. (thriue.
May Realmes, Religion, Lawes, and hearts in proſperous Vnion
But that I know be lawes in force for Sabbaths, feaſts of Saints,
For Faſts, for Vagrãts, peſtring now your Streets without Reſtraints,
I ſhould haue thought thoſe too prophane and warrant lawes had
So common and ſo vncontrould is ſufferance of ſuch ſin. (bin,
Taxe *England*, fertill in good lawes that meete with each amis,
For that it ſo remiſſiue in their Execution is.
Warne, midſt ſuch Plentie, Pleaſures, & this bleſſed Peace take heed,
Leſt from Securitie therein a ſudden Scourge proceed.
Who thought but all had bin as well as could the heart deſire,
When all ſtood at the ſudden doome of one falſe ſparke of fire,
Which had effected, had not God ſtood *Britaines* Sentinell:
Moſt though but wõder, few praiſe him, bid thou pray al proue wel.
If Soules at reſt for priuate wrõgs could grieue whẽ ſuch appeares,
Paintings, and Pleaſances of ſome, in ſtead of Mourners teares,
Accõpanying my Funeral, had grieu'd mine Eies & Eares.
Did neuer Mother tender more her Childe than I the State,
Howbeit ſome it recompence at too vnkind a Rate:
Detractiue bookes at publique Saile, of moment ſo much leſſe
By how much more the Authors are obſeru'd how they profeſſe.
In Heauen was wondred that on Earth an Edict ſhould be ſeene,
That *Engliſh* ſhould not ſcandalize their late deceaſed Queene,
Lycurgus, as of *Patricid*, that Law had left out cleene,
Of ſuch Ingratitude ſo ſmall Expectance: though not rare
The luſt of Noueltie, ſometimes from Quailes to Garlick-fare.
But ye that thought I liu'd too long had found I dide too ſoone,
Had not God better preordaind Succeſſion than your Boone,
Which like to that of *Æſops* Frogs had varied, till at laſt
Some Storke had plaid ye *Rex*, and then had worſer pleaſd than paſt.

By

By *Scipio* and by *Cæsar* so dealt *Rome*, and *Carthage* so
By *Hãnibal*, and *Greece* her Friends found *Greece* their greatest Foe:
The tyrannie of pleball tongues most good most vndergoe.
In few not knowing why malign'd, nor why Malignors haue
Of late retracted, *Romes* except, that hate me in my Graue,
Let it suffice I pardon all, and blessed may proceede
The Gouernment, of *Romerie* and new *Anabaptisme* freede:
And so farewell. And so I wakt, that wisht prolonged sleepe,
For when I found I did but dreame I could not then but weepe.
Farre be it though should any thinke the Vision could be Her,
To doubt whose Soule to be with God were out of doubt to erre:
But most-what seemed said we might for veritie auer.
The neuer idle minde, in like Respondencie of zeale,
Not seldome by *Phantasma* thus in Sleepes doth Soothes reueale.
But idely hath and ouerlong been dreamed, think may some:
Much more Elation though would this Relation well become,
Euen she was dream't-off & the dreame, That for her worth, & This
In it Particulars inuite discourse much lesse omis.
Yet so hath been digressed and so dreamed as almost
Our Muse, that scarce is entred *Wales*, it selfe in *Wales* hath lost.

THE SIXTEENTH BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. 101..

SOuth-*Wales* was yet intierly *Welſh*, and *Rees ap-Tudor* Prince,
When Rebels wrought that *England* it hath owned euer ſince:
And thence the *Engliſh* by Degrees all *Cambria* did inuaide:
May neuer ciuill diſcord in this Iſle re-reare be praide,
Or if (the euer-loſſe of All) be ſought no forren aide.
For Weſt-*Wales* (alſo *Rees* his Right) Rebellion firſt begunne,
Inuiting *Engliſt-Normaine* Aides, that it and South-*Wales* wonne,
And in a long and aſperous Warre all *Wales* ere they had done.
Impacably poſſeſſed though, till rather ſelfe-accord,
Than often Armies wrought that we in milder Lawes it lord.
This noble and vndanted Prince had had an ouer-hand
Of diuers Rebels, *Ieſtin* and one *Eneon*, in the Land
Of chiefe command, compact that whē this *Eneon* ſhould be ſped
Of Aids from *England*, he in liew ſhould *Ieſtins* Daughter wed:
In birth and Education one right nobly and well bred.
Great in King *William Rufus* Court *Fitzhamon* was, and hee
To expedite againſt Prince *Rees* an Armie did decree.

Now

Now *Eneon, Ieſtins* Agent, thus of *Engliſh* Troupes prouided,
And other Rebels adding Powers, by ſwords was thus decided:
Rees (euer earſt victorious) now in valiant fight was kild,
Fitz-hamon and his Knights had all behited them fulfild,
To *Eneon* only was gainſaid the Marrage promiſd him:
Who therefore to the *Engliſh* Ships, that ſailes and tacklings trim
To haue departed, poſted, and recalling them, perſwaded
Fitzhamon ſo gainſt *Ieſtin* that *Glamorgan* he inuaded:
And, though no eaſie Conqueſt, yet he conquerd it at laſt, (paſt.
Which thence frō him and his braue Knights frō heire to heire hath
Theſe were the firſt of Alliants that in *Wales* Poſſeſſion wonne,
And *Rees* thus ſlaine the Principate of South-*Wales* ſo was done.
Now *Ieſtin* dead, no maruell that his daughter could not brooke
This *Eneon* cauſe thereof, for ſhe thus orphanag'd forſooke
Her conquered Countrie, and vnknowne to all, vnleſſe to One
Her ſlaughtred Fathers friend in his late fortune ouerthrowne,
Whom now ſhe faind her Father (nor her father lou'd her more)
Eſcaping, wealthily a Farme in *England* they did ſtore:
Whereas they liu'd a countrie life, belou'd, in State not poore:
And *Margaret* (ſo now her name) where euer heard or ſeene,
For beauty and ſweet hauour was pronounſt the Country-Queene:
And by how much more baſhful, & of tongue-pride mildly ſpare,
Seem'd careleſſe clenly in attire, her huſwifrie did care,
Nor ſcorning nor affecting Loue, ſo much more ſeem'd ſhe rare,
And rather than in haughtines did fault in too-ſubmis,
A fault the contrarie whereof in baſtard Gentrie is.
How often would the Swaines prepare their Morrice & their May
To haue a ſight of her, when all enamoured went their way?
The ſprewſeſt Citie-Lads for her would faine the Countrie-aire,
And that their prouder Girles had but adultrate beauties ſwaire,
Oft Courtiers faind or, Milke for thirſt, or for their Hawke a Pigion,
When, might they parle with her, no more was mingd of ſuch pro-
Combinement thus of Nature and of Vertue is admirde: (uigiō.

Though

Though Natures gifts are oft with Arte by moſt too much attirde:
But chiefly cleered Scalpes of haire with Periwigs ſupplide,
To God and Nature ſinne me thinkes, and men at leaſt deride
Gray-headed Crownes and vulgar Stuffe that ſo are finifide.
For who can leſſe than ſmile that ſees vnſtanch and riueld faces,
To ſhelter coylie vnderneath Fannes, Tifnies, Maskes, Bongraces?
O Couſnag to an amorous Eye, nor thence but thus enſues
That ſuch, not ſuch as they would ſeeme, by ſuch intice our viewes
To cenſure them for alſo vaine, whoſe foule were els no newes.
Nay, why ſhould faces faire indeed bo-peepe behinde a Fanne,
Or be conceild in Satten, now Vermiliond, now drugd wanne,
Or any hold it Ornament to owne an arted haire,
Sith men eſteeme the faireſt foule that ſo is fowly faire?
Giue me a Girle that is her-ſelfe, Compounds if ye compare
With Simples, be not Phyſicks, but ſophiſticated ware:
Minerua ſuffereth violence when *Phao* makes her faire:
May ſuch be diſarithmetickt his Creatures that are.
Duſt, Wormes-meate, Rottennes, that thinke your borrowed beau-
That ſo obſeru'd and ſottiſhly from your Creation ſquare, (ties rare,
And not at all your pride-ſick Soules but falſed faces care,
Yea, and eſſentiall Beauties that of vertuous mindes be bare,
Amend your ſuch Amiſſes which ſhould hoped Eyes deſpaire.
And ye that haue the Aire parfum'd, bathe oft in Lotions ſweete,
Be borne like *Romes* Triumphants, Earth vnworthie your coy feete,
Glitter in gold, pearles, pretious ſtones, haue beautie in it pride,
With all that Ornament, wealth, Arte can any way prouide,
Or ſoone muſt die, or ſee an age ſhall ſhew in you ſuch change,
As, looking back to youth, your ſelues ſhal to your ſelues ſeem ſtrãge.
Gray haires aboue your furrowed Brows, Noſes & Mouthes cõtract,
Lanke in-bowd Cheeks, like Lips & Chins, teeth rottẽ, & teeth lackt,
Brawn-falne, crãp, ſtitches, belching, & much els as much vnſweet,
With aches, palſies, and moe ſuch your haſtning Ends ſhall greet,
And, dead, a million ſuch not worth the ſimpleſt winding ſheete.

If

If ſo,as ſo,then ſooth good ſooth in this ſaid one, ſay I,
Not borne at all were happier, borne,were happie ſoone to die,
So progreſſe we in Vanities,purſues vs Miſerie.
Sith in theſe tranſitorie Turnes our Bodies thus tranſmute,
To pampering,painting, prowding them meere vanitie impute.
But chiefely Nature wrongd by Arte, of Prowdnes more than need,
Cannot but to the Actors ſhame,miſlike in others breede.
For why? firme liking of a thing imagined,thinks me,
Should quaſh in them imagin or imagined would be. (they ſee?
Who knowes falſe fire and feares? Who fat with painted meates
Who flies a paper Giant? feares an Aſſe in Lyons skinne?
Who ſees a noted Idiot that with Arte a Cauſe muſt winne?
A Coward armd like *Hercules* who is it doth not ſcorne?
Eſteemes a Kyte a Faulcon,though ſo belled and ſo borne?
Then actiuely and paſſiuely much more, me thinketh, might
Thoſe needleſſe Curioſities with Nature that condight
Be apprehended meere Offence of Notion and to Sight.
For can we thinke prompt Is-not is? If not,what ſeeke we more
Than as liſts God naturalize, ſubtract, adde,ſtrike,reſtore?
Deuotion heatheniſh did and doth vile Creatures adore,
Should Chriſtians in a Chriſtian thē count Blemiſh Eie-ſights Sore?
No,Mightie-Ones are to themſelues for Placcards,rich,and poore,
If virtuous,though deformed, hold full waight in wiſemens Lore.
Nor meant is here but modeſtly may arted be attier
To Natures ſcarres,and cleanlied all doth decencie requier.
Nor beate we here malignantly at ſacred Beauties Luſter,
But to contemplate it aright proud Featur-fers we muſter.
And be it that Preſcription doth naturalize in Court
Some Errors to an habit,held for Ornament and Port,
(For things in ſome vnſeemly are not ſuch to ſome of Sort)
Yet might, me thinks,be wiſht the Court were alſo prowder than
That Vulgers ſhould in Tinctures, Tiers, Maske, Fardingale,and
Coriue,a Gill be Lady-like,and Iack a Gentelman. (Fan

To Blowſes, aping Niceties and *Ante-phyſicks* arting,
Of *Æſops* Iay diſplumed me like guerdon of peruerting.
Now roome Sirs for a Toy a Troth, els haue I heard a Lie:
But howſoeuer, be it told for no Diuinitie.

CHAP. 102.

WAs once a Drudge, a ſturdie Royle, whom Nature friended ſo,
As not the proudeſt head than hers a fairer haire did owe:
So well her Lady likt thereof as, ſoundly whilſt ſhe ſleepes,
She ſheares it off, for loſſe of which in vaine poore *Malken* weepes.
Where was it, or who did the deede ſhe could not learne of long,
Till chanſt her finde another haire old Lumber caſt among.
Her office was to emptie all that had of empting neede,
With Ingreſſe free and Regreſſe for performance of that deede.
I wot not how it came to paſſe, the Ladies Head-geere (ſhe
Aſleepe) was off, ſo *Malken* chanſt her haireles front to ſee.
Soone fetcht ſhe, and confers the haire earſt found with hers ẏ ſlept,
Her owne too with a Perwig that lay there, moſt choiſely kept,
And in that Scrutanie reſolues, nor ſo reſoluing erts,
It found to haue bin Madams, it was perwigged once Hers.
This tooke ſhe thence, That left ſhe there. Anon came Gallants gay
To frollike with her Ladiſhip, and her vp-riſing ſtay.
Where cuſhend was the Perwig there was found a duſtie Maine,
The Ladie chafes, her Chamberers ſeeke euery nooke in vaine.
Meane while, all tatterd, durtie, & whoſe chaers her face did ſmudge,

In

In comes,from ſeruing hogs or like,the rude perwigged Drudge,
Salutes the Gueſts,offers to kiſſe,bekiſt,good ſport they haue
To ſee ſuch foule from top to toe her only head ſo braue.
Well well(quoth *Malken*)ſcoffe and ſcorne,My Lady is abed
A Bodie only, Manners would ſome greet yee in her ſtead,
And who ſhould rather than my ſelfe that long haue been her head?
Mine had ſhe not ſhorne off and worne(eie-liquor here ſhe ſhead)
I had(beſhrew her Maddam'ſhip)ere now(ha ho)been wead.
Thus ſham'd ſhee her might ſhame, for then were Perwigs newly
Though ſince too many,modeſt els,are in that Art miſled: (bread,
Vaine Eies not vnderſtanding Thoughts howbeit ſo are fed.
But yee,and yee whom Nature hath or Fortune prowded know,
That vade ye ſhall as flowers forgot when and where yee did grow.
For none,for whatſoeuer,hath or can themſelues ſuruiue,
But them vnto Poſterities our Pennes preſerue aliue,
And famous or infamous ſhall at leaſt thoſe great-Ones be,
That ſhall or ſhall not in this Life that future life fore-ſee:
Howbeit,Perpetuitie Impenitents feare yee
Of ſinnes Rewarde,much more than all that All can elſe decree.
Deathes Certenty,whē,where, & how vncertain,life throughout,
Should curbe all ſelfe-Indulgencie and fleſh ſo proudlie ſtout,
That but as in a *Labyrinth* elaboureth about.
Our Loſſes,Croſſes,Paſſions,and Affections paſſing-by,
Paſſe but along the Currant from our Births vntill we die,
And finde we ſhall our *Infancie* a dreame of,who knowes what?
The booke and birch to *Childhood* Checke more feelinglie than that:
Adoleſcencie may be ſaid A meere or merrie Madnes:
And *Manhood* ſildome ſheweth more it bouldnes than in badnes:
Old-age(in carke,drifts,ſhifts ẏ ſweats) or ends when enters thriuing,
Or *Age-re-childed*,decrepate(lifes vtmoſt)ſtints all ſtriuing:
Then Carrions be our Carcaſes,and to our Soules remaines
For well or ill here done the doome of endles Ioyes or Paines.
Then bleſſed infinitly thou beyond worlds pompe or pelfe,

That louedst God aboue all things, thy Neighbour as thy selfe.
But now to *Iestins* Daughter where we left proceed we heere:
To her reputed Father was a Yeoman dwelling neere,
Richer, as is the Adage, by full many a Sheepe and Oxe,
By farnesse from a Gentleman, a Lawyer, and a Foxe. (Shocks,
Nor squard, as chanst, the Parson for tithe whit-meats, lambe, wool,
As some not pardoning poorest Soules their pēce for hēs & cocks,
When that h'as all he all consumes on peacock Pride and smocks.
This Yeoman was a Iustice to himselfe, his Neighbours all
Him loued, and he loued them. If Variance hapt to fall,
They went not to such Worships as like Tyrants men miscall:
Which for couragious Iusticeship must be to them ascribed,
Though at an Outlawrie their wits, some partiall, and some bribed,
Must euermore be fawned on, haue Presents, purchase cheape,
Carts *gratis* sent to their Remoues, and men their Corne to reape,
Presses or Impositions els on him defects they heape,
When their Retainors royst and wrong, yet out of Iustice leape.
But if shall one, els honest, erre through choler, vrg'd abuse,
Or casually, their grudge or gaer admit no termes of truse:
When desprate Ruffins fraught with faults finde readily a Meuse,
Or not at all are question'd, as sin-quitted by sins-vse.
Yea, are not of Commissioned themselues some that sometimes
Doe borrow of their Iusticeship for *Cæsar*-dues and Crimes?
But petite Trespasses and Those were yeelded faults and mended
Were silenced, and none so great but Neighbours friendly ended
Where dwelt this Yeoman, rich in State, yet richer in a Sonne
Frugall and honest, richest when to Daughter-in-law he wonne
This faire *Glamorganean*, that did termes of Gentrie shunne.
But long conceald affection how it fadged superseade,
Vntill the Yongmans letter that to her he wrote yee reade.

CHAP. 103.

THat thou beeſt, *Pegge*, in better heale than I my ſelfe am now
I wiſh, or that like ſick for me as I for thee wert thou.
The cauſe that now I write it is to let thee wit That I,
By *Cupid* long ſince branded thine, muſt thee mate-quaint, or die.
Small reſt, God wot, a nights, few meales a day take I, loue-ſick,
And little heart in Poſſets, ſops, a ſupping, or a Chick:
Then loue me, *Pegge*, fornenter when is blabd abroad my plight,
On thy too ſquamiſh Maidenhead the crime thereof doe light.
But, wot'ſt thy what? I with our Cart haue bin whileare at Court,
And ſaw the King (God ſaue his grace) & mought he heare report,
How vs his Officers doe buſe, almoſt in euery ſort.
Thy father would haue feoft on thee a Courtnall, faith t'was well
Thou ſcap'ſt him, for if he be good, then none be bad in Hell.
Lord, how he ſwaggerd in his ſilks, and ſeeing me by chance,
As Peacocks viewed ſpread their tailes did he himſelfe aduance!
Yet once my fathers houſe was all his helpe: but let him paſſe
With that ſame luſtie horſe that ſcornd the Millers loden Aſſe,
Till turnd out lame, this one had corne, that other ſcarcely graſſe:
Such baſtard Courtnals ſerue but Turns, beſibbing Coyns of braſſe.
Thou, for t'hart monſtrous faire, thinkſt me not fine enough, I, but
Perhaps wert better fancie me than ſuch a Luſtie-gut.
Though with gay Brokerie may ſeeme he caſteth thee to win,
I better borrow could of Pride than he the ſilken Sin:

And diuerſly may beautie meete with blemiſh, yeeres but few,
And farewell ſnout-faire ſpite thy teeth, then I as good as you.
What ſtumbleth our Banes-bidding, pra? cauſe *Peg* forſooth will be
A Gentlewoman: goodly, ſuch a Changling would I ſee,
I heard a praiſed Preacher praiſe the Plowman, ledging proofe,
None might be worſer ſpared for the Common-wealths behoofe.
The Court and Gentrie quaintlier did he ſnib than I can ſay,
But this I member, that for them as Sinners ſhould we pray.
And though (quoth he) we Church-men ſhould to Lay-mẽ ſample
Yet are of vs too many go the wrong way to the wood. (good,
Be Captaines fleeſe or mart their men: be Soldiours hold diſgrace
Not to be counted humorous, to ſwagger, and out-face.
Be Lawyers get the Diuell and all, more Cormorants for fees
Than carefull of their ſoules, ſo they may get what skils who leeſe?
Be Citizens too nimble in their tradings to deceaue:
Be of their Wiues that pranke too proud, yea wanton by your leaue.
Artificers haue much adoe, though toylfully they ſweate,
To earne to them & theirs enough for clothing, rent, and meate:
Much idle Vanitie in all, or falſifying Feate.
The Plowmans labour proued he aduantage vnto all:
Which to himſelfe, as goes this world, ſay I, yeelds profit ſmall.
But things wil mend (Gods grace they may) for ſurely ſurely, *Pegge*,
Be Prolers prole the Countrie, from an Oxe vnto an Egge.
Well was it the Countrie when the ſecrets of the Stall,
The Sheepcoote, Woods, & Arable to Gentrie were ſo ſmall,
As but to hawke, hunt, and receiue vnracked Rents was all.
Now of their Farmers toyle to take the foyſon Lords haue skill,
On Tainters ſetting Tenentries, oft for Expences ill:
Or vſe their Farmes themſelues: whõ oft the negligence & feeding
Of many a laſie Lowne conſumes: let each then vſe his Breeding.
Nay, verely, poore Daies-men and our Hinds, if knowing need
Of ploimẽt, aske more thã they earne, yet haine they at their feed,
Though leap they would euen at a cruſt in doing their own deed.

But

But I am, *Pegge*, an Owners heire alreadie rich enough,
And, though I say it, not to learne what longeth to the Plough,
Nor say I goo, but gaw, and in the Deeding none more tough:
Who other doth, or is, may finde our Arte but losse and rough.
I dare him saies he better knowes to make his Tilths than I,
To take his Seasons, straine & sow Otes, Barly, Pease, Wheate, Rye.
To guide a Teame, to drench a beast, fould, grease, & sheare a Sheep,
To mucke, mow, reape, hooke, load, Inne, stacke, or Garners sweetler
At Faires and Markets Cattle, Corne, to put-off, or to chuse, (keep,
To fell, lop, fence, plant, or what els best Husbandmen doe vse.
As for the Sledge, Barre, Ball, & Bace, my wrestling, & my running,
The Quinten, and a countrie-dance, I list not boast my cunning:
In only this I will not be out-craked, crake that can,
Me baffle if a woman me bed better for a Man.
Ile make thee Dame of store such Kie as neuer strookst thou better,
Of many an Heifer that shall be vnto thy Darie debter,
Of store of milchie Ewes: Thou's be our Harueſt-Ladies Ladie,
And at thy pleasure reape a cut, or rest thee where t'is shadie:
Thou's go to Ailes, to Weddings, Wakes, ỹ Wine, & what is braue,
And in our Markets to be bought, thou shalt but aske and haue:
Thou's haue for Faires as faire a Frock, a Partlet, and a Pin,
As gaiest there, a silken purse, and store of coyne therein:
I'le duly keepe for thy delight Rock-Monday, and the Wake,
Haue Shrouings, Christmas-gambols, with the Hokie & Seed-cake:
Thou's haue ỹ fairest in my Teame thee where thou wilt to beare,
And of my finest wooll to spin for Webs which thou shalt weare:
Goodsadnes, Girle, nor mine nor thine, but Bothes we both will
Say to a Match, Amen, and we as Turtles shall agree: (share.
And bring but loue, and I'le bring like and wealth enough with mee.

CHAP.

CHAP. 104.

THis with a peece of Rie-paiſt ſeald, ſent, and receiued, ſhe
Did meditate thereon, although obtuſe in phraſe yee ſee.
The Surface of him-ſelfe, thinks ſhe, exter-niz'd is herein,
May ſeeme he cannot flatter, nor me Flatte-rie ſhall win,
Oft Prayſers are to vs as is to Birds the Fowlers gin.
Alas, what keepe of Beautie, which indeede is but a blaſt:
A *Non-proficient* at the leaſt it muſt be at the laſt:
Though thereof *Pæans* in mens Mouthes as in a Mould are caſt.
Fooles are we, and as fooliſhly doe Men aduance our pride,
That vnto prizing Prayſers tongues our tickled eares hath tide,
Els our facundious Fooles might we more than they vs deride:
To ſee them gallop *Therſites* when liſteth them to crake,
To out ſigh *Schyno* when they feare a foyle and *Troy* would take:
But ſhadowes we for ſubſtances *Narciſſus*-like miſtake.
For edged by ſuch Artiſts, and they once poſſeſt of vs,
The faireſt Faire is foule or foole, and *Pigs-nie* but a *Puſſe*,
And *A-per-ſe*, obſerued earſt as Weathercocks doe winde,
Oft to a too imperious Lord is, as nere She, declinde,
Or glorious traſh and Titles, whence ambitious thoughts proceed,
Make Others enuie vs, or vs betraieth to vn-heed.
O neuer loſt Humilitie, nor Haughtineſſe did win,
An honeſt Man and meanes to liue is and my boone hath bin.
The Greateſt in her Greatnes oft I ſee hath diſcontents:

Nor

Nor doth an happie life consist in Titles, Robes or Rents.
The Court hath been, the Countrie is to me familiar, either
Not quit of Tediousnes, yet This than That preferre I rather.
Among our Cattell, in our Fields, at Home may losse and harmes
Vn-patient vs, farre diffrent though impatient Courts and Farmes.
There Quarrel driueth euē to blood, to Wealths losse, or disgrace,
Here simply, at the least to saue Expence, they Peace imbrace:
Or if too busie some-where Some, they are esteemed base.
The bodies glorious Ornaments, and gawdie Tires for head,
(Extracts from Worme-webs, Mettles, Birds, yea thefts from her is
Shew more of sin, serue lesser thā a fleece of wool in stead. (dead)
Were Pride no such Practitioner and Denizen allowd,
I should haue been an Infidell that Pride could be so prowd.
But Earth, Aire, Graue, Arte, Hell, & al gainst Nature now combine,
Whereby our Soules shew duskie whilst our gilded Carrions shine.
Refraine but Court and Citie then of neither finde we mis,
A Dairie-dame, that minds not more, than Madam merrier is:
Food, cloath, and habour competent should as thinke I suffise,
Vpon the matter who hath more whom Fortune most supplies?
And who be they that are not Earth, and must returne thereto?
Then only Vertue vnto vs best Offices can doe.
Now to an Husband: *Gilberd* is no Gallant yet no Gull,
Not learned but well limmed, and couragious to the full,
Frugall yet frollike, speakes with sense, his Breeding if respected,
In wealth sufficient, neuer of Dishonestie detected,
What would I more? Such should not, nor of me shal be reiected,
Mine is a Loue preordinate to be to him subiected:
Nor Fortune aught disparageth that loue to loue directeth:
A Woman to a Man is all that loue twixt all effecteth.
At modest Opportunities she yeelds her Loues consent:
And *Gilberd* wiued *Margaret*, to Eithers hearts content.

CHAP. 105.

Itz-hamon and his Complices thus hauing broke the Ice,
From *England* Emulation did *Newmarch* for *Wales* intice,
With Armes (as brauely anſwered of *Welſh*) did he inuade
The Cautreds three of *Brechnock*, and thereof a Conqueſt made:
And married *Neſt*, *Neſts* Daughter, that King *Gruffyths* Daughter
And had a Sonne, *Mahel*, to whom his great Poſſeſſions paſſe, (was,
A worthy Knight: But *Neſt*, whē was her Husband *Newmarch* dead,
A too licentious life with one of her beloued lead.
Mahel her Sonne, ill brooking it, fought with and wounded ſore
The ſame his Mothers Paramour, She much inrag'd therefore.
And dares the Primecocks interrupt me in my loue, quoth ſhe?
Or thinks he vnreuenged it ſhall ouerpaſſed be?
Forgets he Loue and Ladies to be Relatiues, and thoſe
But baſtard Gentries that themſelues not amorouſly repoſe?
What Gallant almoſt holds it not the pietie of Clownes
To haue but ſtrict-confined loue in *Hymænean* bownes? (ſounds.
For Husband, Wife be tired Tearmes, Friend, Seruant courtly
Who hath not heard amongſt the Gods that *Mars* did *Venus* court?
Then ſentenced, not yet repeald, a tolerable ſport:
Penelope is Poëtrie, *Lucretia* fain'd report.
Doe ſet her to the Diſtaffe, Batch, the Milk-paile, and ſuch Chares,
Hath all Attendance, Pleaſures, Eaſe, lies ſoft, and finely fares,
If theſe haue no Prerogatiue, nor be Preparatiues

To more than cõmon Courage,for no Saints ſuch Maids or Wiues:
Yet great and wiſemen winke thereat,and liue the quieter liues,
For nere the ſooner her ſoule his poſſeſſeth he that ſtriues.
Grant muſt I that our Chaplaines well doe Chaſtitie commend,
Yet Venall intimate they Luſt ſith ſo themſelues offend.
At leaſt ſuch as my ſelfe,not old,and in my Widowhood,
May plead the ſame in Pardon,or my fault as thus make good:
My Birth and State be greater than I yet a Husband finde,
Meane while I am no Votarie,nor mortifide in minde:
Some,and of Sort,haue been that haue(their wickednes the more)
Euen whilſt they liu'd in wedlock plaid hand-ouer-head the whore.
Such neuer I: yet muſt belie my ſelfe for ſuch,els how
Should I reuenge me of the Boy that hath abuſde me now?
Adde that I wantond wedded,as now widowed,ſingly this,
And ioyntly this and that will be but nine daies Chat iwis:
And what of little prattle more that to my purpoſe is?
Audacious Boy, that durſt diuulge the amours of thy Mother,
That impudencie,know thou,ſhall from me beget another,
And to a Siſter ſhall transferre a Births-right from a Brother.
Long I,and ouerlong, haue liu'd if that my Cradle now
Shall be my Tutor,let them that haue Patience it allow:
A *Meleagers* Mother I my ſelfe to *Mahel* vow.
She,winged thus by *Nemeſis*,ſoone ſpeeding to the King,
Reueales her owne diſhonour,ſo his liuelihood to wring
From her own Sonne,and weepingly this Cuckoe-Song did ſing.
The Victor of *Brechina* to your Scepter *Newmarch* dead,
My noble Husband (ah, would I had died in his ſtead,
She ſaid,as ſeeming ſoothly ſaid,her teares did ſecond ſo)
Did I abuſe,and for the Crime this Pennance vnder-goe,
Beſides my Conſcience-ſcruple,that my ſelfe my ſelfe defame
Before your Highnes,for it now too much imports the ſame.
Mahel my Sonne(ah, would he were not ſcandalouſly ſuch,
But for he is, it is it that ſo deeply doth me touch)

I bore in Baſtardie,and for I therein did amis,
I hold me iuſtly plagued that my Plague a Baſtard is.
I haue a vertuous Daughter by my valerous Husband,She
Inherit ſhould his State: Vouchſafe,my Leage,it ſo may be.
Was miniſtred an oth to her,that ſwore her ſayings true:
From *Mihel* to his Siſter ſo ſhe great Poſſeſſions drew.
This noble luſtie Gentleman land-ſtripped thus and then,
Grew thenceforth ſhie of Women,and a *Timon* vnto Men.
The Mother dide in Obloquie,the Daughter wedded was
To *Milo* Earle of *Hereford*,and from their loynes did pas
The *Bruſes*, *Bohunes*, *Staffords*,all great Nobles in this Land:
Yet in this Propagation great great Croſſes vnderſtand:
Of *Bruſes* only now be ſpoke,ſith *Wales* is now in hand.

CHAP. 106.

WIlliam de-*Bruſe*,of *Brechnock* Lord,inuited to a feaſt
Sitſilt, of honourable Birth, and Others not the leaſt
Of South-*Wales* Gentrie, newly then from armour reconcilde
To this *de-Bruſe*,who brooded hate & hatcht it whilſt he ſmilde.
For whether (which he after fain'd) for ſlaughtred brother late
Reuenge,or diffrent Sentences in things they then debate,
Were motiues to the Murthers that he acted, was too true
Wrong'd Rites of Hoſpitalitie on him Heauens vengeance drew.
A ſignall giuen,his Seruants,arm'd and ambuſht to that end,
Slew thoſe his Gueſts: ſo dangerous is a Foe reuerſt a friend.

Not

Not ſo content, he poſteth to the murthred *Sitſilts* Place,
And ſlew his Infant-Sonne before the ſuppliant Mothers face.
Who, when ſhe ſaw her louely Babe, whom lately ſhe did hugge,
Whilſt that he ſmiled on her lips or ſported with her dugge,
Sprawle in his guiltles gore, and he that ſtabbed ſtabbing ſtill,
She nakt her breaſt, and ſaid: ſo much (though not ſo much ſo ill)
May here be done, ah, be it done, leaſt leaſure ſerue I pray
That vnto thee and thine, grant God, befall as fowle a Day.
Too too obdurate Sauage, if euen thou thy ſelfe ſhouldſt ſee
A Babe of thine bleed as bleeds mine, how might it torture thee?
But bard were thine their Mothers Breaſts: from home they ſtrãgers (ſo,
The leſſer thou canſt apprehend a Parents ioy or wo.
My Nurſerie of this in me a doubled Nature bread,
His ſmiles my Cordales, griefe my gall, death rẽders me but dead.
Had he (ah, had he) liu'd I had reciprocally ſpead.
Wretch, ſtay, Good ſtay that ſtab (he meant a ſtab) perhaps my teares
May balme thoſe paſt, for yet me thinks a little life appeares.
O be my God for that poore Good! Sweet hart-root, Mam is here:
Is here? now woe is me that thou of helpe art nere the neere.
No, he is gon, alas h'is gon, yet I liue, liue I? no,
But as a Ghoſt, at leaſt ſweet Babe with thee would I were ſo,
To be this Tyrants terror till he hence to hell ſhall goe.

Then caſteth ſhe her ſelf vpon her Sonne that breath'd his laſt:
Nor goler blead his wounds but that her eies ſhead teares as faſt.
Her face admirde for faire, beſmeard with blood-mixt teares, did (adde
The veiw more tragick: And as ſhe this ſaying often had,
Reuenge it, *Sitſilt*, happie yet in abſence from this ſight,
Bruſe ſaid in ſcoffe ſhe ſpake too late, his life had bod good night:
And laughing left the Lady ſuch as *Niobe* for like:
Yet ſpead her Prayers, him and his God diuerſly did ſtrike.
Bruſe dide in Exile, his proud wife in Priſon, one their Sonne
Was ſtoru'd, another braind as he his head-ſtrong horſe did run:
And of that Progenie throughout, long nobled in Deſcents,

Our Hiſtories tragediouſly doe varie hard Euents.
To our Iniuſtice Iuſtice thus is God: repent, amend,
Blood-drifters and Oppreſſors, els Hell, worſe than thus, your End.

CHAP. 107.

THough to the Kings of *England* their Deuotion got was much
In *Powys*, Weſt, and South-*Wales*, by the *Engliſh* and the *Duch:*
Yet was our ſecond *Henry* by a ſecond *Rees* ſo plide
(By North-*Wales* Princes alſo, thrice that Battell bid and bide)
With Armes and Stratagems, as like did neuer him betide,
From *Stephen*, or his rebell Sonnes, *French*, *Iriſh*, *Scots* or any,
Himſelfe eſcaping hardly with the loſſe of Souldiers many.
* *Crogen*, a Terme vſde in reproch of *Welſh-men*, rather might
Reproch the *Engliſh*, that with them did there defected fight.
Of *Henries* Armie none approcht that Paſſage but were kild,
Welſh-Crogen, in memoriall of that Slaughter, therefore hild
A Terme reuengefull, when came *Welſh* to hand: as who would ſay,
* Like Mercie as at *Crogen* ours receiued we repay. (ſwords,
And though write ſome the *Welſh* preuail'd more by their Scite thā
Yet Enuies-ſelfe muſt grant that *Wales* had, and braue men affords:
Yea, had not been ſuborned *Wales* againſt it ſelfe had faild
That *England*, labouring it ſo long and dearely, had preuaild.
Great was Prince *Owen Gwyneth*, but Prince *Lewlin* Monarke more,
Except King *Arthur*, none in *Wales* had greater been before.
From *Rufus* till firſt *Edwards* Raigne North-*Wales* held *England* tack,

But

But then did rather loyall hearts than wonted Proweſſe lacke.
Lewlin next to great *Lewlins* ſonne Prince *Dauid* (*Gladis* wiude
To *Mortimer* put-by) then rulde, and much by Armes achiude.
But who againſt that Ages *Mars* firſt *Edward* might hold-out?
Yet twice this *Lewlin* held him wag, and thirdly had no doubt,
Had not he bin betraid and ſlaine at *Buelht*, a Warrior ſtout.
Laſt Prince of very *Britons*, that from *Brute* vntill that day
Had, in ſome part within this Iſle, continued regall ſway
Two thouſand and fiue hundred yeeres, two yeres if taine away.
Edward, preſuming *Wales* now won, the *Welſh* with commō voice
Of any Prince, vnles *Welſh*-borne, proteſted gainſt the choice,
Yea, euen of *Edwards*-ſelfe, except amongſt them he ſhould liue,
Too well experienced what law by Proxie Princes giue.
Much therefore did in action, more in murmor hence proceed,
Till by this Policie the King did thus his purpoſe ſpeed.
* In *Wales* he at *Carnaruon* with his Queene the Winter pas,
Where *Edward* his firſt-borne, ſurnam'd *Carnaruō*, *Welſh*-borne was:
The King, conuening then the *Welſh*, made promiſe he would name
Vnto their Nation ſuch a Prince as none for ought could blame,
Borne in their Countrie, and could not one word in *Engliſh* ſay,
Whō gladly, on thoſe Termes, the Lords of *Wales* ſwore to obey:
* The King thē nam'd his Infant-Sonne, and progreſt thēce away.
Hence *Englands* Heires-apparant haue of *Wales* bin Princes, till
Our Queene deceaſt conceald her Heire, I wot not for what skill.
But now may *Cambries* frollike, for though vertuous many ſince,
Yet parallel at leaſt the beſt may their now hopefull Prince:
And theirs is hapt the honour that *Brutes* triple Diuident
To *Locrin*, *Camber*, *Albanack*, reuerteth whence it went:
For Home-againe to *Britons* is intired *Britaine* ſent.
So inacceſſible is *Wales*, ſo mountanous, and craggie,
That to refreſh my Muſe, as els occaſioned, Here lagge I,
Only that to *Elizabeth* hath Office tithed bragge I.
Was neuer Prince affoorded Muſe a ſweeter ſubiect then

Her

Her life and Raigne,or Age thereto that apted choicer men.
Yet,as if *Perſeus* mounted on his *Pegaſus* held out
Some *Gorgons* head, ſtone-ſtill ſtand all ſhould go that Taske about.
O that would He might it commaund it recommend vnto
Some Artiſt,worthie ſuch a worke of Raritie to do!
Moſes the Patriarkes,*Cæſar* did himſelfe and others ſing,
Stoore like *heroick* Pennes,and She were pen-worke for a King.
Should then,liefe Lord,your royall-ſelfe vouchſafe an Ouer-view
Of whomſoeuer arting it,to giue it *Species* true,
Long after my deceaſe may like (liu'd like) doe like for you:
But howſoeuer,happely Liue,Raigne,your Foes ſubdue.

FINIS.

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